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FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA SUPPLEMENT
OF PORT ARTHUR UNDER SIEGE } SIXPENCE.

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ONE OF THE FINEST SHOTS AMONG THE KINGS OF EUROPE: HIS MAJESTY DOM CARLOS I. OF PORTUGAL, OUR COMING ROYAL VISITOR.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

The King of Portugal is a splendid sportsman, and in this, as in many other particulars, his Majesty and King Edward meet on sympathetic ground. During his last visit to Windsor, Dom Carlos made a magnificent bag; and there is every reason to believe that he and our own King will give further proofs of their prowess with the gun during the forthcoming visit.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is a quaint notion in this country that our little affair with Russia is *sub judice*, and should not be discussed in speeches and newspapers. We should treat it, says one authority, as if it were a suit before our own Judges. That discretion is enforced, as a rule, by the salutary process which follows hard upon contempt of court, and must be a source of peculiar amazement to foreigners who do not understand our insular ways. But to suppose that a dispute which brought us very near to war can be committed to purely judicial handling, like an action for libel, is to carry insularity rather far. Beyond this island the affair with Russia fills the habitable globe with wild surmise. Heaven and earth are daily called to witness the maturing beauty of the Russian case. The famous Admiral seems to occupy his spare time on his flag-ship in the transmission of new and surprising hints to his friends ashore. "By the Holy Synod, a splendid idea has just struck me!" he exclaims, when he and his officers have spliced the mainbrace for the night, and made all taut. "Bid the wireless minion come hither."

You see this master mind operating on the newspapers, French and Russian; on the Russian Admiralty, which gives out a fresh yarn every hour; on the "material witnesses" from the Baltic Fleet in the shape of two lieutenants, one midshipman, and a captain who bids fair to eclipse the imaginative soldiers made illustrious by the Affaire Dreyfus. Du Paty de Clam, in his modest retreat (where art thou, O ineffable Du Paty?), must tingle with the generous emotion of a kindred soul when he reads the tales which are daily poured into every ear that will listen. The gallant Klado saw the Japanese torpedo-boats through a powerful glass. You must not mix his story with that attributed to a ward-room steward, who says that, when the alarm was given, he was summoned on deck with two glasses of brandy to help the vision of the lieutenants, one of whom "fainted with excitement." You must also be careful to keep quite separate the evidence of the midshipman who described in a letter to his father how everybody was made so taut that several ships came into collision, and how, in the confusion of this festivity, they opened fire on the trawlers, and on one another. The inspired Klado knows nothing of this; he knows nothing about the trawlers. What he remembers is the encounter with the Japanese torpedo-boats off the Danish coast. From this you may infer either that the Dogger Bank affray never happened, and that the fishermen shot themselves, or that the torpedo-boats, flying from the invincible Klado off the Danish coast, crept unnoticed into the middle of the trawling fleet, and had another shy.

But where are they, those torpedo-boats, sometimes two, sometimes four, and occasionally six? Bless you, there is no mystery! Their nerves shattered by the gaze of Klado through his powerful glass, the Japanese committed suicide. Why keep afloat when they had failed so dismally? This is what St. Petersburg, unaccustomed to the rules of evidence, calls proof. The Commission says to the two lieutenants and the midshipman: "Where are the torpedo-boats now?" "At the bottom of the sea, may it please your naval worships," answer the gallant trio. "How do you know that?" "Because they can't be found, O august skippers!" There, you see; the chain of demonstration is complete. Of course, the Admirals conducting this examination will not dream of questioning the capacity and responsibility of the midshipman and his companions, one of whom may be the lieutenant that "fainted with excitement." St. Petersburg, moreover, is quite confident of proving that the torpedo-boats, two, four, or six, were bought in England with the connivance of the British Government, and nursed for months in "Scandinavian inlets" with the connivance of the Swedish Government. We are in league with Japan; the Swedes are in league with Japan; the Swedish and German merchant captains, whose sworn testimony that they were fired upon by the Baltic Fleet in the North Sea is denied by the indignant Klado, are all in league with Japan. Having established these instructive facts, the Commission will naturally add: "And we desire in conclusion to affirm our unanimous belief that the birthplace of the peerless Tartarin is much nearer Tartary than Gascony."

A case which is really *sub judice* is in the hands of Judges empowered to pass sentence on offenders. That is not the province of the Commission. It will "establish responsibility"; but if this should be brought home to Admiral Tartarin, will Russia make an example of him? He has gone on his way with the benison of the Tsar upon his rather forlorn undertaking. Does this look as if he would be held to account for the slaughter of fishermen? The whole of his story is manifestly designed either to overawe the Commission, or to make it impossible for the Tsar to accept an unfavourable judgment. This

trumping-up of monstrous fables is simply an arrogant assertion that anyone who disbelieves them dishonours the Russian Navy. At St. Petersburg there is a firm conviction that nobody will be punished. A gross blunder is extolled as a heroic exploit; and there is more pride in Tartarin's assault on the trawlers he mistook for torpedo-boats than there is in Stoessel's magnificent defence of Port Arthur. True, there is a Russian pledge to act upon the finding of the tribunal. Perhaps this sacred obligation will be duly carried out by a reprimand to the midshipman.

Some humourist, who modestly conceals his name, has started a periodical called the *Brutalitarian*: a Journal for the Sane and Strong. To be sane and strong you must be eager to hunt a tame deer, carried to the scene of the chase in a cart, and then incited to run away. This entertainment was suppressed by the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, thus depriving "our national field-sports of the prestige which they enjoyed through their association with the Crown." I am not aware that any sport worthy of the name has lost any prestige. Brutality, according to the humourist, is another name for manliness; and he may think that pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing are pastimes which keep our manhood from decay. But I suspect all this to be his fun. The *Brutalitarian* has a decided flavour of Mr. Bernard Shaw in his most waggish mood. It calls on sportsmen, vivisectionists, and Imperialists, to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of flogging for both sexes. "Flogging, whether with birch, or cane, or 'cat,' or any other instrument, is the mainstay of British education." "Any other instrument" is good. It suggests all manner of stimulating horrors; say, a whip made of steel, which will educate you by flaying you alive.

A French novelist has discovered that the intellectual rise of woman is to-day the cause of profound disquiet to the average man. Imagine the feelings of the husband who perceives that his wife is vastly his superior in mind. He detects a note of condescension in her talk; he finds that for some hours a day she shuts herself up in a room which she calls a study. The galling truth is made clear at last: she is writing a book. Moreover, it is not the first; she has written several books, with a masculine alias—George, you may be sure—on the title-page. He remembers now the mocking smile with which she listened to his innocent praises of those works. He had read them with relish, and pointed out to her certain virile qualities quite beyond the feminine touch. "Women can never write like that," he said. "They lack the strength, and the breadth, and the knowledge of life." And yet she had written them! Goats and monkeys! You will remember that Othello, in a jealous fit, uses that forcible expression.

Yes, but the French novelist declares that the average man is tormented by "a jealousy Othello never knew." To find that your wife is another George Eliot is a thousand times worse than hearing that Desdemona's handkerchief is caressing Cassio's unworthy features. You are a City man; no more or less brilliant than five thousand other City men; whereas she is one of the intellectual triumphs of this epoch. The case may be still worse. You also may be a writer of books. You may live to hear your children say with their artless candour: "Papa's a good sort, but his novels aren't a patch on mummy's. And how the papers do cut him up! Lucky for us that Mummy earns the bread-and-butter of this rising family!" What will jealousy do then? There is a story of Daudet's in which a husband and wife are operatic stars, and the husband hires a claque to shout his wife down. Will you bribe reviewers to cut up your wife's superior novels?

But the average husband may find it soothing to read Mr. W. L. Courtney on the "feminine note in fiction." Mr. Courtney does not think that man's superiority is in danger. If anything considerable remains to be done in literature or science, it will be done by men. When the whole riddle of the universe is read at last, no woman will have that supreme glory. Mr. Courtney's confidence ought to restore calm to the jealous man's nerves. He might say to his wife: "Very pleasant little exercises, those books of yours. But they don't prove anything; they don't let us into the secret of life. Ah! it will take a man, my dear, to find that out. Besides, I can see now why your novels are so popular. It is because the style, you know, is not first chop. What are all the publishers saying? Here it is in the *Academy*: 'Literary style in novels is an uncalled-for strain on the intelligence of the reader.' Your writing is no such strain, or it wouldn't be so successful; therefore you have no literary style. That is logic, my poor child, which women never learn. You must leave a man a few accomplishments he can call his very own!"

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

Although the interest in the operations in Manchuria has become somewhat languid owing to the dramatic events further west, there are still a good many people who ask every morning, Has Port Arthur fallen? To these inquirers, and to all who have made a study of the operations, the long telegrams which Reuter's correspondent has been permitted to send from the army of investment are full of curious and important details. The period of operations covered by the description begins with a surprise attack on the fortress on July 13, and carries the story of the siege down to the grand attack of Aug. 19-24. From that time on to quite recently the tactics of the Japanese have undergone much alteration. They have learnt a lesson at great cost, but that they have profited by it is demonstrated by the successes of the past few days.

It will be remembered that in this column on Sept. 3 it was pointed out that it was absurd and ridiculous at that time to speak of the "final assault" on the fortress. Information had just come to hand of the failure of the attack described by Reuter, and it was remarked in that connection that "it is not until the last Russian fort has been captured, the last gun silenced, and the streets are clear of the enemy that the final assault can be said to have taken place." It was then explained how in the siege of such a place as Port Arthur the operations over a wide area must be part and parcel of one continuous process, gradual in its nature, but constant in its effects and directed to the wearing away and exhaustion of the defence, driving it from position after position until nothing remained to win. A study of the circumstances as described in the telegrams received shows exactly how this has happened, and is even now happening. Now that we publish for the first time in this country a panoramic view showing the various lines of entrenched works which the Japanese have had to capture, the marvellous ingenuity and professional skill which have been displayed by General Stoessel and his subordinates will receive their proper tribute of admiration and respect. Of the semi-permanent defences, shown in our Liao-yang plan, we also realise the strength; how much harder must it be to capture the permanent works? There has never been anything quite like this siege before, nothing with which it can be compared. The outer belt of entrenchments, reaching from Louisa Bay on the west to Takhe Bay on the east, were, roughly speaking, some eight to ten miles from the town. This was the position captured by the surprise attack in July. The next line of forts was fourteen miles in length, and some five miles outside the town, and it was in the unsuccessful night attack on this line in August that the Japanese suffered such tremendous losses. In spite of the marvellous fighting qualities of the assailants, their unequalled tenacity and stubbornness, they failed because they fought with the most dazzling light in their faces, while the Russians were shrouded in the blackest darkness. From that time onward the Japanese abandoned the idea of night attacks. Such fighting as there has been by night has been initiated by the Russians in their counter-attacks, made for the purpose of destroying the advanced works of the enemy.

The capture of the second line of fortifications and of some of the inner works, which has now taken place, has been simplified by the work of the heavy guns which the Japanese have mounted since their first experience. Under the fire of these guns it is reported that large sections of the defence works have been almost swept away. With the heavy siege and naval ordnance which was placed in position at the end of October not only were the assailants able to secure the tenure of the forts previously captured, but they were able to shell the dockyard and harbour, inflicting terrible damage on the vessels there. Although there is no definite information as to the actual condition of the men-of-war, it is more than probable that these vessels are practically ineffective, if they are not actually unable to put to sea. This being the case, the primary object of the attack has succeeded, and there seems to be no reason why Admiral Togo should not now be giving his larger vessels the refit which they doubtless need.

The movements of Rozhdestvensky and his colleagues appear to be still wrapt in some uncertainty. The Admiral himself, with four battle-ships and some cruisers and auxiliaries, is proceeding down the West Coast of Africa, where at various points colliers have been placed in readiness to facilitate his movements. On the other hand, a second detachment, with torpedo flotilla, is proceeding eastward through the Mediterranean, in order to take the Canal route. The future progress of the adventure will be watched with considerable interest and curiosity by everyone. It is what may be called the natural difficulties which, it is anticipated, will delay the passage of the fleet. The supply of stores will, no doubt, be arranged; in fact, a number of colliers are reported to have arrived at Dakar, where, doubtless, Rozhdestvensky will replenish his bunkers. But his crews are inexperienced, and his officers not much better. What more probable, then, than that the defects in hull, machinery, and equipment, of which we have already heard something, should develop as the voyage progresses?

From the Sha-ho there are only reports of skirmishes and outpost engagements. On the Russian side, doubtless, Kuropatkin is awaiting the reinforcements which are expected to arrive about the end of November. The 8th Army Corps began its journey from the district of Odessa on Oct. 1, and the average time for the passage to Kharbin is reckoned at about thirty-seven days. It is calculated that the 14th Division of Infantry will have arrived at the theatre of war between Nov. 13 and 16, the 15th Division between Nov. 17 and 20, and the artillery and baggage-train by the end of the month. On the other side, the Japanese are said to have determined to await the fall of Port Arthur before making another forward movement.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Signor Caruso is now in America, and we are, in a sense, upon our trial. If the experiment at Covent Garden is succeeding on its merits, if London can and will support an autumn season of opera, the departure of the famous tenor should have little effect upon receipts. As the weeks progress we find singers taking the measure of the house more accurately, losing their earlier nervousness, and responding with ever-increasing intelligence to the efforts of Signor Campanini. We are hearing music well sung and well played; indeed, nothing better could be required at the prices obtaining.

In the past few days we have heard two newcomers—Madame Wayda, whose light soprano voice, aided by very intelligent acting, enabled her to make a successful début in "Pagliacci"; and Signor Dani, who has renewed his acquaintance with Covent Garden under more fortunate auspices. In the spring he was outclassed by his associates; now he can help Anselmi to fill the gap made by Signor Caruso's absence. The notable event of the week has been the production of Signor Cilèa's "Adriana Lecouvreur," which had suffered postponement for lack of complete rehearsal, but was at length presented on the evening of Nov. 8. MM. Scribe and Legouvé wrote a very ponderous play, and in preparing a libretto from it, Signor Colautti has not erred on the side of simplicity. One is tempted to compare Signor Cilèa with Sindbad the Sailor on the voyage when that unhappy mariner encountered the Old Man of the Sea. The composer's talent does not lie in the musical expression of a long and complicated tragedy. He cannot redeem the libretto from native dullness; but he can write very graceful and charming music that, while it does not lack scholarship and has some debt to Wagner, is full of fresh and piquant melodies. The themes associated particularly with Adriana and Count Maurice will travel home with all who hear them: a prelude played before one of the latter acts affords further assurance that the composer has not fallen behind other moderns who uphold the traditions of Italian music. In his instinct for giving the fitting expression to a dramatic moment, in his capacity for flitting lightly and gracefully over the surface of deep passions, in his habit of decorating his score with certain purple patches of melody, Signor Cilèa may be placed by the side of Puccini, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni. He is to be congratulated upon the orchestration of his music. There is no attempt to hide poverty of thought under the cloak of bizarre expression. Signor Cilèa's inspiration does not fail him; his music is always fluent.

CONCERTS.

On Nov. 5 Miss Evangeline Anthony made her first appearance at the St. James's Hall. In the provinces she has already won much applause and a solid reputation, but London audiences are acknowledged more critical and hard to win. Her triumph was all the greater. Miss Anthony is a pupil of Wilhelmj, and has been carefully trained; but she is not merely the product of painstaking tuition: she possesses a spark of genius, which appeared in her playing of three violin concertos—a heavy programme for so young a performer.

The third series of the immensely popular Broadwood Concerts began on the evening of Nov. 3 at the Æolian Hall, in Bond Street. The concert opened with Beethoven's First Quartet for Strings in F, played by the Cathie Quartet—Mr. Philip Cathie, Mr. T. H. Morrison, Mr. George Cathie, and Mr. Arthur Trew. The performers play well together, showing an accuracy of execution, resulting from close practice, and a commendable *ensemble* and precision of attack. Chamber-music has its fine traditions, but in these days of promiscuous combinations it is well-nigh a lost art. Here seemed a return to an almost old-fashioned nicety and refinement of phrasing. Mr. Frank Bridge, a young English composer, was represented by his *Novellette* in E flat major for a string quartet, written in three movements—*andante*, *scherzo*, and *allegro*. The work is clever and modern, and in parts very quaint and fascinating.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SERGEANT BRUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

With its aspiring and befooled policeman hero, "Sergeant Brue" contains a cleverer, a more genuinely humorous idea than any musical comedy now running in town; but at its initial performance Mr. Owen Hall's quaint story suffered somewhat from the defects of its very virtues, and tailed off a little at the end. This defect has now been remedied, and at its new home, the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the former Strand piece, which has just passed its one hundred and fiftieth performance, is holding its own with the most popular of its rivals. Some of the credit for this state of affairs should be assigned to Madame Liza Lehmann, author of the score, who has shown that she can turn out music every whit as light and "catchy" as that of the most practised "musical comedy" composer. But it would be unjust to those two droll comedians, Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. Arthur Williams, not to acknowledge how much the fun of the piece depends on their nicely contrasted farcical methods.

"THE MILLINER DUCHESS," AT THE EMPIRE.

That popular divertissement, "The Milliner Duchess," gave such capital scope to the picturesque aspect of dress—dress of the past, dress of the present, and even dress of the future—that the piece was well worth reviving at the Empire. So once more in her gorgeous West-End establishment the imaginary Duchess of London is made to exhibit a wonderful display of the most ravishing toilettes—toilettes worn by the many members of the *corps de ballet* and shown off amid their graceful movements to such charming effect as no Regent

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The Life of Goethe. H. G. Atkins. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)
The Feminine Note in Fiction. W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall. 5s.)
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Life and Correspondence of Lord Coleridge. Written and Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Two vols. (Heinemann. 30s.)
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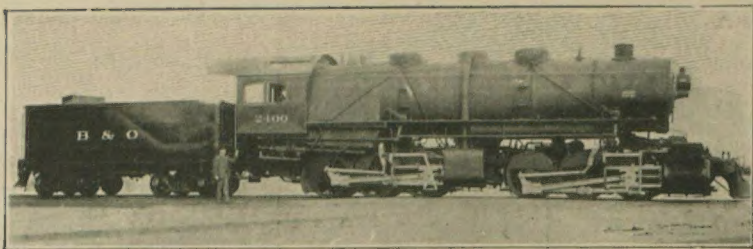


Photo. Coleman.

THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD: THE NEW ENGINE OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

This powerful engine is built to draw exceptionally heavy freight trains on mountain lines. It weighs 149 tons 6 cwt. 2 qrs., and the tender weighs, in addition, 63 tons. The locomotive does the work formerly performed by two engines coupled together.



Photo. Bacon.

THE TARDY CONFIRMATION OF A JAPANESE NAVAL LOSS: THE "YASHIMA," NOW OFFICIALLY REPORTED SUNK.

For a long time there has been doubt as to the fate of the "Yashima"; but now the Japanese Government has officially notified the other Powers that the vessel was sunk by a mine off Dalny last June. She was of 12,500 tons, and was built at Elswick in 1896.



Photo. Wolf.

EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S LAST VOYAGE: THE BODY CONVEYED ON BOARD THE "BATAVIER VI." AT ROTTERDAM.

On October 31 President Kruger's remains were taken on board ship in order to be conveyed to their last resting-place in South Africa. It was the President's wish that he should be buried at Pretoria, and to this the British Government acceded.

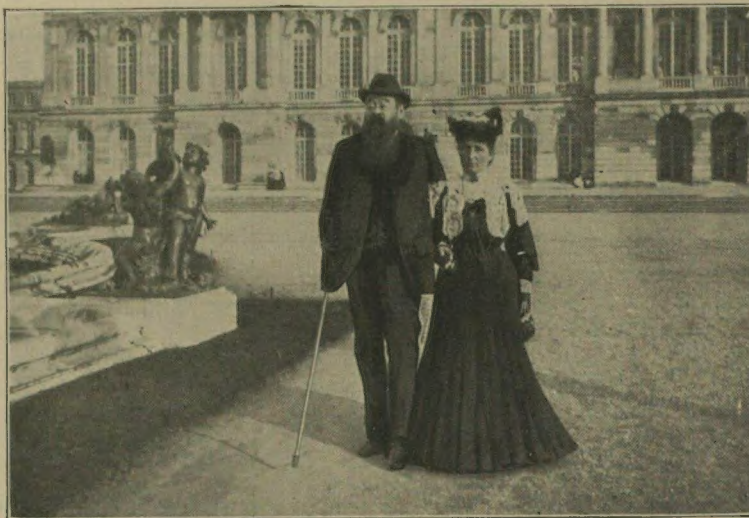
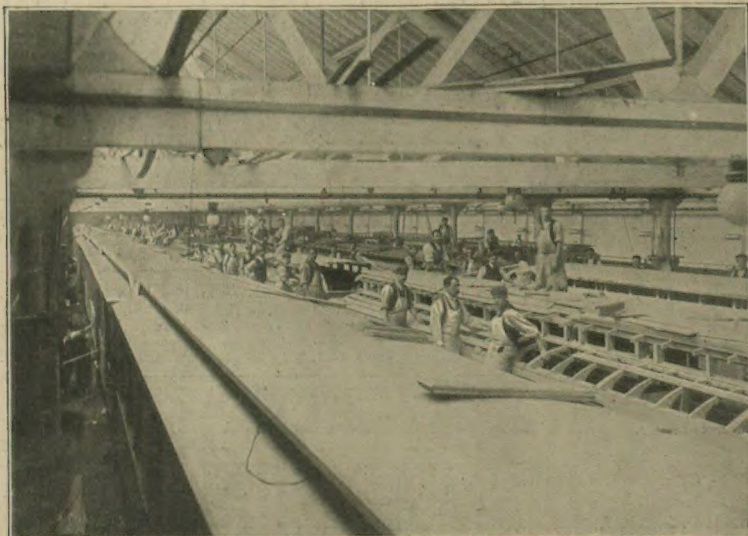


Photo. Nouvelles.

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN'S CONVALESCENCE: A VISIT TO VERSAILLES.

His campaigning experiences in South Africa left President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, a physical wreck. He had a long illness in Switzerland, but is now convalescent, and recently paid a visit to Versailles.



COACHES FOR THE ELECTRIFIED UNDERGROUND: ROLLING-STOCK FOR THE REMODELLED METROPOLITAN AND DISTRICT RAILWAY.

In view of the approaching revolution on the Underground Railway, which will soon be run by electricity, the Brush Engineering Company are building a series of new cars. Our photograph was taken at the Company's works at Loughborough.



Photo. Crebb.

THE NEW METHOD OF COALING WAR-SHIPS: HIS MAJESTY'S "COAL DEPOT NO. 1," NOW COMPLETED FOR SERVICE.

The vessel will lie at Portsmouth or will be sent out to Spithead or the Channel as required. Two of the largest war-ships can coal from her, lying one on each side and receiving their fuel by means of eight cranes adjusted to the Temperley coaling apparatus.



KING PETER PASSING UNDER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



KING PETER'S DEPARTURE FOR BELGRADE.

THE SERVO-BULGARIAN FRIENDSHIP: KING PETER'S VISIT TO SOFIA, OCTOBER 30.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WOLTZ.

King Peter was welcomed at the station by Prince Ferdinand and all the high officers of State. He drove in a carriage with outriders to the Palace, where there was a diplomatic reception, and afterwards to a "Te Deum" at the Cathedral. Another "Te Deum" at the Russian Agency followed. Next day King Peter returned to Belgrade.

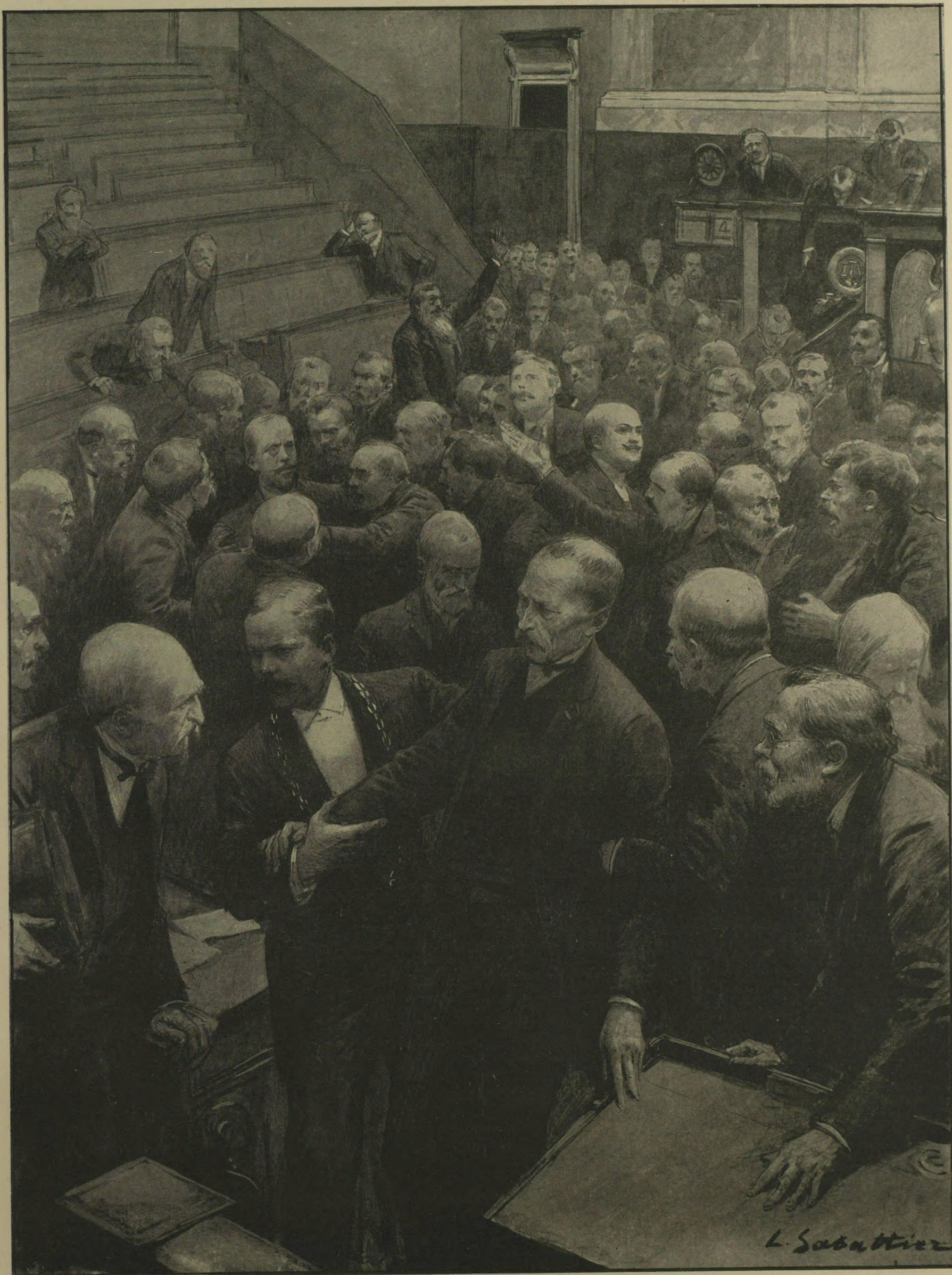
FISTICUFFS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER: A DEPUTY'S ASSAULT ON THE WAR MINISTER.

The Assailant,
M. Syveton.

M. Baudry d'Asson
(Royalist).

M. Chapuis
(Quarstor of the Chamber).

Marquis de
Dion.



M. Combes.

General André.

M. Coutant (Socialist).

M. Henry Maret (Radical).

M. Vaillant (Socialist).

THE TURBULENT SCENE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AFTER GENERAL ANDRÉ, WAR MINISTER, HAD BEEN ASSAULTED BY M. SYVETON.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE TIME OF THE INCIDENT.

On November 4, after a debate on official spying on the conduct of army officers, General André, Minister of War, was violently assaulted by M. Syveton, a Deputy. A mêlée ensued, and M. Syveton was summarily removed by the guard. The assailant is the figure whom other Deputies are in the act of seizing.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR SUPPLEMENT:
THE SIEGE OF
PORT ARTHUR

fortress from within are the first that have passed the blockade since the siege began. They show the positions of the merchant-vessels which the Japanese sent in as fire-ships and sank in the entrance to the harbour, as well as various scenes in the batteries and the trenches. The series includes a portrait of General Krondachenko, the engineer who devised the fortifications of Port Arthur. He was photographed while superintending the laying of land-mines, which he has used to annihilate whole regiments of Japanese at a single blow. From the photographs we may see



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE MR. W. H.
ALLINGHAM,
FAMOUS SURGEON.

our readers will realise the tremendous difficulties which the configuration of the ground around Port Arthur presents to the Japanese attack. Abrupt and precipitous eminences encircle the fortress, and every salient height has been crowned with earthworks, which have been taken and retaken time and again after the most sanguinary struggles. Mr. Villiers indicates the position of all the great forts, and shows how the battery of heavy naval guns commands almost a clear range into the town. Since the sketch was made this battery has been advanced to within 2700 yards of the harbour, and tremendous damage to the shipping has resulted. The Russians have hitherto kept their vessels constantly on the move within the port, but last Sunday's news showed that even this precaution has now become unavailing. Our Four-Page Panoramic Supplement must take its place as one of the most valuable of the historical documents relating to this siege, memorable because it exemplifies for the first time the newer methods of warfare both by sea and land.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The tragic death of Mr. Herbert William Allingham on Nov. 4 removed one who was among the finest surgeons of his day, a man whose reputation as an operator of exceptional skill and judgment was world-wide. Mr. Allingham, who was the son of Mr. William Allingham, the eminent surgeon, was born on April 17, 1862, and entered St George's Hospital as a student, after the customary education at Chatham House School, Ramsgate, and University College School, London. At the time of his death he was senior assistant surgeon and lecturer on operative surgery at St. George's, Surgeon to the Household of his Majesty the King, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, and one of the honorary surgeons to the King Edward VII. Hospital for Officers. In 1889 he married Fräulein Alexandra von der Osten, who died in January last.



Photo, Vandyk.
CAPTAIN T. J. KEARNS,
NEW CITY MARSHAL.

he held, at one time or another of his active life, included those of Hulsean Lecturer, select preacher, examining chaplain, professor and lecturer at King's College, London, Vice-Principal of Lampeter College (the status of which he raised considerably), Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria, Dean of Peterborough, and member of the Old Testament Revision Committee and of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts. He became Bishop of Worcester on the death of Dr. Philpott in 1891, and held the see for ten years.

The new City Marshal, Captain Thomas Joseph Kearns, has risen from the ranks to the position of Riding-Master at Woolwich, and is likely to make an excellent successor to Captain Stanley. He is forty-three, and has thrice been on active service—in the Zulu War, the Ashanti Expedition, and the South African Campaign.

Lieutenant John Courtenay Edden, who, in company with five seamen, was drowned by the capsizing of a whale-boat belonging to H.M.S. *Penguin* off Kawau Island, N.Z., on Nov. 3, joined the Navy in 1897, and was promoted to his present rank after eighteen months' service. He was the holder of a Humane Society award for saving life.

The late Sir William Harcourt's successor as member of Parliament for the West Monmouth Division represents the Liberal and Labour parties. Mr. Richards is a native of West Monmouth, where he was born in 1859, and has long been identified with the political and social life of his constituency. He is essentially

self-made: his education was brief, and at twelve years of age he began work in the old Pwllgarn Pit, removing from there to the Ebbw Vale Collieries, where, in 1888, he was chosen miners' agent for the company's workmen. It for him that quainted man, woman, in the dis-Richards ber of the Joint Com-is chairman Vale District C o u n t y manager of school, and the South Miners'



Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. ALDERMAN POUND,
NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

The new of London, P o u n d, and Leatherseller, and chairman of the London General Omnibus Company, was born, as all Lord Mayors of London should be, within the sacred square mile—to be precise, at 81, Leadenhall Street, where he still carries on business—in 1829. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and then entered his father's firm. He has been treasurer, and is now president, of the Aldgate Ward Schools, and has been overseer, churchwarden, and guardian of St. Katharine Cree, and of St. James's, Duke's Place. He became a Common Councilman for Aldgate Ward in 1869, Alderman of the same in 1892, and Senior Sheriff in the Mayoralty of Alderman Sir Walter Wilkin in 1895; and is a Past Master of the Leathersellers', Fanmakers', and Fruiterers' Companies.

Commander Klado, who is to be in the unenviable position of representing Admiral Rozhdestvensky before the International Inquiry into the North Sea outrage,

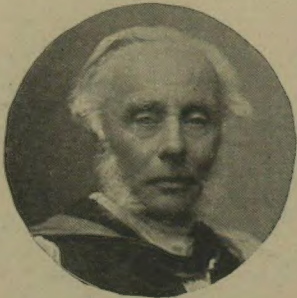


Photo, Westly.
THE CHIEF RUSSIAN WITNESS AT THE NORTH SEA INQUIRY:
COMMANDER KLADO, CAPTAIN OF SECOND RANK.
REPRESENTING ADMIRAL ROZHDESTVENSKY AT THE INTERNATIONAL
INQUIRY TO BE HELD IN PARIS.

is an officer of some note, although numerous correspondents to the Press would seek to have it otherwise. Not only did he act for a time as Professor of Naval Tactics and Strategy at the St. Petersburg Naval Academy and as secretary to Admiral Alexeieff, but he is the author of a number of papers intended to solve the question as to how war-ships may avoid firing on their own torpedo-boats. He left Vladivostok as bearer of dispatches from Admiral Skrydloff to Admiral Rozhdestvensky, and was ordered to accompany the Baltic Fleet as far as Vigo.

THE INTERNATIONAL
COMMISSION.

England and Russia have agreed upon the composition of the Commission of Inquiry into the tragedy in the North Sea. Four Admirals—English, Russian, French, and American—will select a fifth representative neutral. They will facilities for information, we hope, the cross-ex- n e s s e s. fixed the bility for the they will pre- to the two ments' con-Balfour said ampton that promised to o f h e r found guilty by the tribunal. At St. Petersburg it is roundly declared that no penalty is possible. The Tsar, it is said, cannot punish men who did their duty. In order to make this dilemma all the more difficult, industrious scribes are maturing and amplifying the legend of the Japanese torpedo-boats,



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. PEROWNE,
FORMERLY BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

which came nobody knows whence and vanished nobody knows whither.

THE AMERICAN PRES-
DENTIAL ELECTION.

The first stage of the Presidential contest in the United States was reached on Nov. 8, when the various States of the Union recorded their votes for the representatives who go to form the Electoral College, and finally register the popular decision at Washington. The election was, until the last moment, marked by considerable apathy in America, but at the very end a somewhat sensational incident occurred which was believed at the time to have given Judge Parker in some degree a moral advantage. President Roosevelt's opponents had been alleging that his supporters were receiving funds to prosecute their campaign from the great Trusts and Corporations, and that in respect of these moneys the President, if elected, would be bound to make some concessions to these organisations, which are viewed with so much disfavour throughout the Union. Just on the eve of the election the President burst out with a furious denunciation of his accusers. With great heat and vehemence he declared that neither he nor Mr. Cortelyou had ever committed themselves in any way to the Trusts, and that he came before the electors a free man. Judge Parker, in a reply of great dignity, pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt had given no categorical denial to the accusations made against him. He had not explicitly refuted the charge of receiving moneys, but had merely declared that he was free, which was, Judge Parker said, tantamount to an admission that aid from the Trusts had not been wholly refused. It is recorded that at least once before a Presidential Election had been lost by a rash utterance; for Mr. Blaine was defeated, when everyone thought his election sure, by the headstrong statement of a supporter, who declared that the opponent's party stood for "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Fears for Mr. Roosevelt's success, however, proved groundless, for the polling gave him a sweeping majority and assured his election.



MR. THOMAS RICHARDS,
NEW M.P. FOR WEST MONMOUTH.

M. Syveton is a Professor, but by no means academic. At the end of the Army debate in the Chamber, he rushed up to the Ministerial Bench, and struck General André two violent blows in the face. Before this delicate attention could be reciprocated, M. Syveton ran up the benches on the Right, where he was protected from pursuit by a solid phalanx of sympathisers. General André, whose face was covered with blood, left the Chamber, exclaiming: "My enemies are resolved to have my skin!" But in the division which followed, the Government had a majority of 107, and General André's skin suffered no damage except from M. Syveton's fist. That irascible Professor may have reflected since that the thumping majority for the Government was the answer to his thumps at the Minister of War. The debate had not gone well for the Minister; but his physical injuries strengthened his case. This is certainly not logical, but the French love of logic is greatly hampered by the Latin temperament.

PAUL DE
CASSAGNAC.
F r a n c e

By the death of Paul de Cassagnac, France loses an eccentric patriot and England a steadfast enemy. There was a charm about the man which made his enmity to Albion, as he called her, vastly entertaining. We would rather he had lived to heap abuse on us for many years more. It was a real eclipse of the gaiety of nations when Paul de Cassagnac gave up fighting duels. His sole pleasure in writing an article was to make it an occasion to pick a quarrel and "go out" with his man. He went out with Henri Rochefort, and nearly did for that worthy with a pistol-bullet, which was stopped by a medal of the Virgin. But the French duellist has small taste for villainous saltpetre, and it was with the sword that Cassagnac was most notable. He was a great swaggering bully, but a courageous bully. His opinions did not matter, and yet his personality was so engaging that not without justice has he been likened to a hero out of "The Three Musketeers."



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT
J. C. EDDEN, R.N.,
DROWNED BY CAPSIZING OF
"PENGUIN'S" WHALE-BOAT.

THE "STANDARD." An unexpected event in the newspaper world has made the *Standard* the property of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson for the trifling sum of £700,000. Mr. Pearson does not propose to reduce the price of the paper to a halfpenny, or to change the "general tone" of the old and tried Conservative organ. He will endeavour to lighten the heaviness that beset "the old lady of Shoe Lane," and, judging from Mr. Pearson's other efforts in journalism, the change is certain to make for brightness, although news will not be treated with "scare heads."

PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH RAN THE BLOCKADE OF PORT ARTHUR: STOESEL AND HIS MEN AT THEIR POSTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY ONE OF THE BESIEGED, AND SUPPLIED BY A. LAVRANTIEFF.

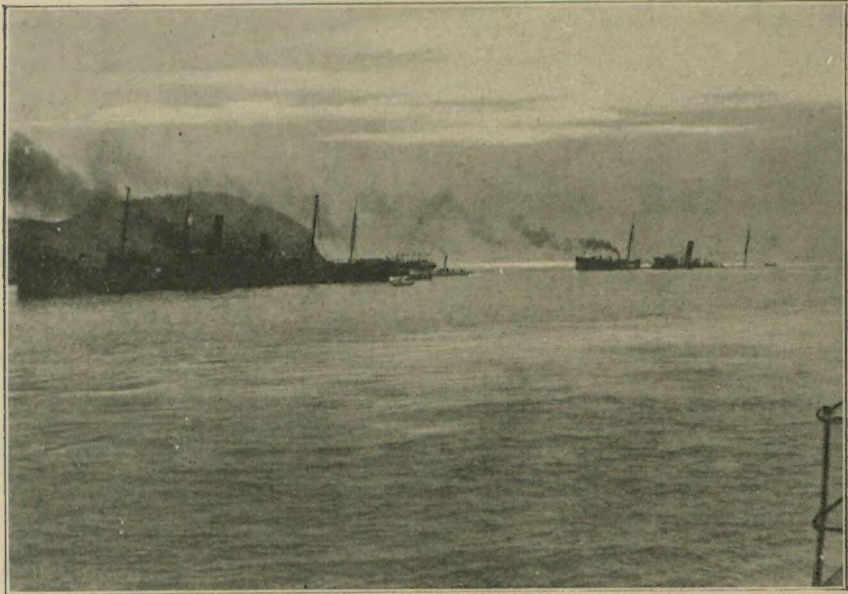


1. TO WAKE THE THUNDER OF THE HILLS: A BATTERY READY TO OPEN FIRE ON THE JAPANESE.
3. LAST HONOURS TO MAKAROFF'S SHIPMATES: A FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF THE "PETROPAVLOVSK" DISASTER
PASSING THROUGH PORT ARTHUR.

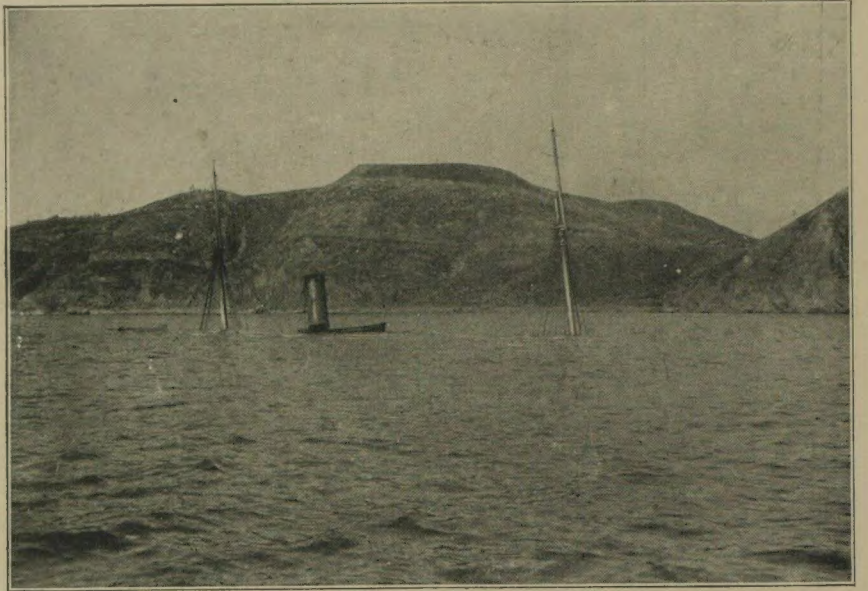
2. AN EYE TO EVERYTHING: GENERAL STOESEL AND HIS STAFF INSPECTING THE FORTS.
4. CITIZEN DEFENDERS: PORT ARTHUR MILITIA COMING OFF GUARD AT THE FORTS.

BLOCKADE-RUN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PORT ARTHUR: SUNKEN JAPANESE FIRE-SHIPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A. LAVRANTIEFF.



SUNKEN FIRE-SHIPS: A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR MOUTH LOOKING SEAWARD.



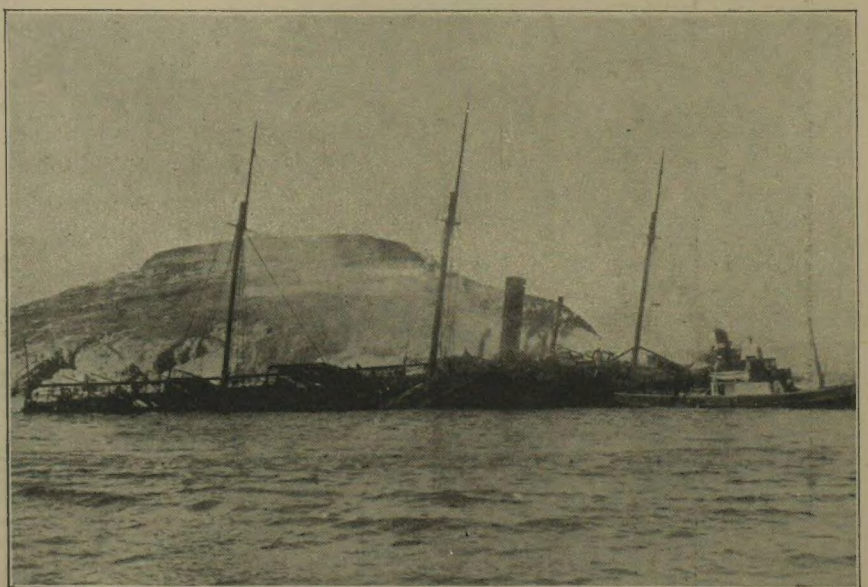
A MENACE TO THE FAIRWAY: A FIRE-SHIP SUNK WELL WITHIN THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE.



GENERAL VIEW OF SUNKEN JAPANESE BLOCKADING-SHIPS AT THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE.



MERCHANT-VESSELS STRANDED AT THE SIDE OF THE FAIRWAY.



A FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE TO NAVIGATION.

WHITE SILVER HILL.

COCKSCOMB HILL.

NORTHERN COCKSCOMB FORTS.

BANGUZAN.

GOLDEN HILL FORTS. JAPANESE FLEET: 4 SHIPS.

MANGUZAN.
TOWN OF PORT ARTHUR.

RINGAN.

TANSHIZAN.

JAPANESE WAR BALLOON.

TIMBUKHO HILL.

PIGEON BAY.



JAPANESE POSITION.

AMMUNITION TRAIN.

RAILWAY.

SUCHI VALLEY.

JAPANESE TRENCH.

TOWN OF PORT ARTHUR.

JAPANESE POSITION.

JAPANESE NAVAL BATTERY USED AS SIEGE-PIECES.

JAPANESE RESERVE AMMUNITION.

PANORAMA OF BELEAGUERED PORT ARTHUR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONFIGURATION OF THE GROUND, TOGETHER WITH THE POSITIONS OF THE JAPANESE ATTACK AND THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

General Nogi, commanding the Japanese forces before Port Arthur, has expressed his satisfaction with Mr. Villiers' sketches, and has commissioned for himself a replica of this subject and one of the pictures published recently of the summons to surrender. We have allowed the Artist's rough jottings on localities to stand, as they add greater interest and authenticity to the picture.

THE EFFICIENT JAPANESE AMBULANCE SERVICE BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



THE JAPANESE SURGEON AT WORK IN A RAVINE.

IN the cabin of a desolate smack in Rockborough Harbour a meeting of fishermen was being held. Skipper Gabriel was the self-elected chairman, and he was telling of the wonders of a Promised Land, which was in the south-west and facing the Pacific.

"An' what d'ye call this Promised Land?" demanded a harsh-voiced man from the gloom of the doorway which led into the fish-room.

"Chiloe," answered Gabriel. "It's a island in the South Pacific, about seven hundred mile south o' Valparaiso."

"Ever been there?" asked the harsh-voiced man, whose only known name was Ben.

"No," said Gabriel shortly.

"An' what makes you want to go?"

"The North Sea 's fished dry, an' there 's no livin' to be made out of it—that 's why," growled Gabriel.

"An' who 's been drawin' such a fetchin' pickter o' the place 'at you want to leave your native town for the other side o' the world?" continued Ben.

"Listen!" said Gabriel, in a clinching voice. He produced a newspaper-cutting, and read slowly: "In this favoured country houses, land, and cattle are to be had for the asking from the Government, by way of inducing capable fishermen to open out the trawling industry. Such a chance for North Sea smacksmen has never been known before. Certain fortune awaits the adventurous few who are the first to land in Chiloe Island to reap the harvest of the sea." There, what d'ye think o' that?" demanded Gabriel triumphantly.

"Muck," said Ben contemptuously, "an' the man 'at wrote it knew it just as well as I do. He's a cadgin' steam-boat agent, take my word for it, an' as soon as he's got your passage-money you may go to sea an' sink, for all he'll care—in fact, he'd be more comfortable if you *did* sink, for then he'd be done wi' you. Take my advice—stop at 'ome an' starve; but don't go to Chiloe Island."

"Come out an' talk fair an' square, and tell us all you know about it," said Gabriel. "We're here to learn an' listen."

Ben came forth. He was a hard old sea-dog, a taciturn man who spoke little of his adventures; but it was generally supposed that he had beheld all the wonders of the earth and sea and sky. "I know," he said, "because I've been there."

"Jerk it out," commanded Gabriel. "What sort of a shop is it?"

"If you want earthquakes an' seaquakes, an' murderers an' robbers, an' brigands an' vagabonds, go to Chiloe," said Ben. "They'd cut your throat as soon as look at you."

"Did you ever see a earthquake?" asked a young smacksmen, deeply interested.

"It's more a question o' feelin' nor seein'," Ben replied, "though there 's lots in 'em that meets the eye. When I was out there in the barque *Mary*—she was built at Rockborough, an' might be said to ha' been christened in turmoil, for two o' the shipwrights workin' on her were killed by lightning—she was lifted up by the sea, an' planted in the middle o' the town. An' I know of another barque 'at was ridin' in five fathom o' watter 'at suddenly found herself on the sea-bottom—as dry as this old 'arbour is just now. An' you needn't snigger, neither. One or two on you think 'at because you've been in lime-juicers an' seen the Three Old Men of the Atlantic 'at you've seen a lot. Wait till you've been where the sea swallows islands an' spews 'em up again."

"An' that 'appens in Chiloe Island, does it?" inquired Gabriel.

"There or thereabouts," answered Ben.

There was a pause, then Gabriel said, "I'm goin' if it spews devils. This 'ere stuff 's in print, mind you—an' we've only old Ben's word for what he 's sayin'. I'm no skulker, an' yet, fleetin' an' single-boatin' I haven't made decent bite nor sup on the North Sea for five years past, an' I'm fair tired of it."

When the meeting broke up and the members separated on the stone pier at the foot of the Castle Hill, the advertisements and printed matter had won the day. Later the Chiloe Expedition, as it was called, was ready to depart. A public subscription had helped to equip the band of fifty men, women, and children who formed the party. Gabriel, a practised North Sea skipper, was the acknowledged head of the band, which included engineers, firemen, and deck-hands—a miscellaneous lot of toughened men, who, with sail or steam, could catch any fish that might be lurking off the coast of Chili.

Ben was of the party, a volunteer, because, he said, he knew that misfortune would attend the venture, and he wished to behold with his own eyes the fulfilment of his flouted prophecy.

In three months the pilgrims had reached the Promised Land. A week had passed since the landing, and Gabriel was presiding at another meeting. This time it was in a miserable hovel, where the men were housed. Other wretched buildings sheltered the women and children.

A long silence was broken by Ben's harsh voice, with the single word—"Well?"

"Meanin'," said Gabriel, rousing himself from a gloomy reverie, "I got everybody into this mess?"

"I told you 'ow it 'ud be," growled Ben.

"I got you into this mess," continued Gabriel, "an' I'll get you out of it. We've been got here by false pretences. We come to what we were told was a land o' promise, an' already we're in rags an' starvin'. We're beggars, too—that 's the cruellest part of it; cadgin' o' folk 'at aren't fit to clean an' Englishman's boots."

THE VANISHED WAR-SHIP.

A TALE OF NORTH-SEA SMACKSMEN AND A FOREIGN GUN-BOAT.

By WALTER WOOD.

"They'd rather put a knife into you nor bread," commented Ben. "As for work, even if you could get it, they wouldn't give you a shillin' a day—an' you can't live on that. If it weren't for the women an' childer I'd do as so many on 'em do."

"An' what 's that?" they asked.

"Turn brigand."

"If it weren't for the same reason," vowed Gabriel, "I'd sack the town. But we're stuck all ends up. There's no fishin' to be done, an' nothing to fish with. What's the move? You're a wise un, old Ben—think it out. If it can be done, depend upon it I'll see it done."

"Gimme time to think," said Ben. "If any on you 'as a bit o' 'bacca it'll 'elp my reflectin' powerful."

From corners of various pockets pinches of tobacco, mostly in the form of dust, were collected and handed to Ben, who made a pipeful in an old clay, and, amid perfect silence, began to smoke and think. At last, rising from a box on which he had been seated and knocking the ashes from the pipe, Ben said slowly, "I've got it."

"What is it?" asked Gabriel sharply.

"The Government boat," announced Ben. "The war-ship that 's lyin' out there." He nodded his head towards the sea.

"An' where does she come in, an' what about her?" asked Gabriel.

"We want a ship to go 'ome in, don't we?" inquired Ben. "What's wrong with 'er?"

"She'd do well enough," said Gabriel, "but she's one o' the Chilian Navy ships, an' the Chilian Government isn't likely to give us free passages."

"I'm not proposin' 'at we should ask 'em," said Ben. "My idee is to take the ship an' find our own way to the nearest friendly port."

There was silence for some time, then Gabriel asked almost scoffingly, "An' 'ow do you propose to carry out your plan?"

"Just this way," said Ben. "That Chilian gun-boat ain't a British gun-boat. With a British war-ship I tell you I shouldn't think o' tryin' it on—you wouldn't catch 'em nappin' so as to let you do it. But this isn't British, an' so it can be done. Last night there wasn't half-a-dozen men left on board—they'd all come ashore, racketin', an' I'll warrant 'at them 'at were left were drunk or asleep. Now this is the land for surprises. They're allus eruptin' an' revolutionin', an' even if we did run off wi' their gun-boat, they'd only think some enemy had got 'er, or a tidal wave swallowed 'er. If you're all listenin'—an' no skunk's got 'is ear to the key-hole—my plan is this: There's a sort o' feast on in the town to-night, an' that 'll fetch every man jack 'at can be spared ashore from the gun-boat. You may bet they'll feast on board, too, an' they'll all be very 'appy by midnight. There are two nice-lookin' boats on the beach that 'll 'old every soul of us. We'll borrow 'em, rush the ship, an' cut. The best plan 'ud be to make for Valparaiso, or we might get picked up as shipwrecked seamen. 'Ow does it strike you?"

"It's pretty thick," observed one of the smacksmen. Gabriel shook his head disappointedly. "I don't think it 'll work," he said.

"All right," replied Ben. "If you care to stop 'ere, so an' good; but I tell you, I know these people, an' they'll let you die rather than lift a 'and to save you."

"Lads," said Gabriel passionately. "What old Ben says is true. I'm on for a try—I'd rather have a shot an' be 'anged for it nor go on starvin'. I can't abide to see the women an' childer famishin'. No man 'll be forced into it; but them 'at 'll go in for the rush, show 'ands."

Every hand went up.

"Good," commented Gabriel. "Everything 'll be ready for us on board—there 'll be as much as we like to eat an' drink. We 'll separate, an' between now an' startin'-time keep your eyes an' ears open."

When it was dark the local feasting ended in a wild riot. There was a strange atmospheric depression, which Ben said promised some terrible outbreak of nature. "So much the better for us," he added, "if we're once aboard an' at sea. I'd rather be on the watter nor on the land at such a time."

At eleven o'clock the men of the party were hurrying the women and children into one of the two boats. This was rowed by four men, and was to be brought alongside the gun-boat on a signal being made—the waving of a lamp over her stern—that she was captured.

In the other boat was the boarding-party, men armed only with their oars and fists and strength.

Gabriel was in chief command, with Ben as advisory officer.

Ashore was the light and riot of the feast; seaward was an intense darkness in which shone the solitary riding-light of the gun-boat. Into the darkness, steering straight for the ship, went the two boats, Gabriel's leading. Not a sound was heard from the gun-boat, which rolled lazily on the swell, like some phantom form in the gloom.

"Now," whispered Gabriel to the second boat, "vast rowin' an' wait for the signal. We 'll shove on an' board 'er on the port side."

The boat was pulled away and was dimly seen

rounding the stern of the war-ship. Then there was the sudden waving of a lantern over the taffrail, and instantly the four rowers swept their boat round to the port side.

"All dead-drunk," whispered Gabriel; "leastways all on deck. There's one or two below; but we've bottled 'em. Now then, lively; tumble up the women an' 'earty now."

He led the pulling at a painter, and as the boats were emptied, drew alongside a small ship's boat which was floating astern.

"Bring 'em on an' put 'em in," he commanded; and Ben and other active workers carried stupefied forms to the side and put them into the boat.

"All aboard?" asked Gabriel.

"All aboard," replied Ben.

"Then let go," ordered Gabriel, dropping the painter overboard.

"All clear," cried Ben, "an' I 'ope they'll get ashore all right. The tide's flood, an' just nice for 'em."

Then began a time of great commotion and excitement on board the captured war-ship; a quick issuing of orders by Gabriel and as quick an execution of them. The women and children were sent below; the cables were slipped; the boats by which the escape had been made were scuttled, so that they should sink, and all the smacksmen who had had to do with engines were put to the machinery. Gabriel himself took the wheel.

The gun-boat was in starting trim—she was to have left the coast in the morning—and an hour after her seizure her rough-and-tumble crew understood her well enough to let her go. She was a simple, old-fashioned ship, English-built and engined, and offered no great difficulty to men who were accustomed to handle smart modern North Sea craft.

"The sweetest sound I ever heard," said Gabriel, as the noise of the screw reached him. "Now, old Ben, you've been 'ere afore. What are we to do?"

"Shove straight ahead for open watter," advised Ben. "The further we get from shore the better I should like it. Let 'em give 'er every pound o' steam she can raise, an' you, Gabriel, let 'er go."

"You sound anxious," said Gabriel.

"It was just such a night as this when the *Mary* was lifted up an' planted in the middle o' that town I spoke of," said Ben. "It came on all at once."

Gabriel called the acting chief enginner and warned him that much was expected of him.

"I'll see to it," answered the chief; "but there's them two chaps 'ollerin'—an' in English, too."

"Let 'em 'oller," answered Gabriel. "I won't listen to the voice of angels till the ship's got all the way on you can give 'er. Go below an' pile the coal on."

The chief departed to do his bidding, and when the gun-boat was forging through the oily waters he returned and asked Gabriel if he could go below for a moment. The skipper handed the wheel to Ben and accompanied the chief. "What's the racket?" he asked. "Hullo! who's here?"

He looked in surprise at two men who were being held as prisoners by some of the smacksmen. They wore the uniform of the navy of their adoption, but were unmistakably British.

"How's this?" inquired Gabriel.

"If these men will take their fists off my shoulder I can explain," said the older of the two.

"Let go, my lads," said Gabriel.

"Thanks," continued the spokesman of the pair. "We're a couple of the engineers of this ship—English artificers promoted to more glory than we should ever have got in the British Navy. Our discharges were all right, no fear. We were sleeping when we heard the deuce of a racket, and before we knew what had happened we were shut up. The ship's under way, and a lot of Englishmen on board. What's the meaning of it?"

"We've borrowed her," explained Gabriel briefly; "but I can't stop here just now. Suppose you give a lift with the injuns, an' I'll tell the yarn after—that is, if you can be trusted."

"Even if we can't we're only two to about a score of you," said the engineer curtly. "And if *that's* any guide you want somebody who understands the hang of this old foundry."

As he spoke the gun-boat gave a terrific plunge, and there was the noise of a heavy descending sea on deck. There were screams from the women and children and loud cries from the men. Deluges of water also came below.

Gabriel gasped. "What's the meanin' of it?" he shouted—it was necessary to shout to make his voice heard.

"Tidal wave and a hurricane," cried the engineer in answer, putting his mouth to Gabriel's ear. "You may thank your luck you were bows on to it."

"Get to the injuns," roared the skipper. "I'll go on deck. What's it best to do—you understand this sort o' thing better nor I do."

"Keep her up to it as best you can," said the engineer, and with this Gabriel joined Ben at the wheel.

Throughout that awful night the gun-boat kept her own—just that, and no more. When day broke she was a battered victor, her stanchions had been torn away, her ventilators levelled or snapped off, and the funnel bent like a bow. Everything movable had been carried overboard by sweeping seas.

"I thought this was the sort of thing we kept mostly for the North Sea," said Gabriel, looking about him to see what mischief had been done. "I've seen a good many smacks swept, but never one cleaner nor this."

By nightfall the gun-boat had been cleared of the

(Continued on Page 690.)

STEAM TACTICS IN THE DARK—AN EVOLUTION WHICH THE BRITISH AND JAPANESE ALONE ARE BOLD ENOUGH TO CARRY OUT: MANŒUVRING WITHOUT LIGHTS.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



1. SIGNALS IMPOSSIBLE IN THE DARK: THE SPEED-CONE AND THE SCREW-REVOLUTION INDICATOR.

The revolution-indicator, by means of certain flag-hoists on a sort of gridiron, shows the next vessel astern the number of revolutions the screw of a vessel is making, and thus guards against collision.

2. STEAMING AT NIGHT UNDER ORDINARY CONDITIONS: A FULLY LIGHTED FLEET.

3. SIGNALS IMPOSSIBLE IN THE DARK: THE HELM-INDICATOR AND MASTHEAD SEMAPHORE.

The helm-indicator consists of a double cone (green) for starboard, and a red flag for port. These show the next vessel astern the position of the helm.

4. THE MOST DANGEROUS NAVAL EVOLUTION: STEAM TACTICS AT NIGHT WITH ALL LIGHTS OUT EXCEPT ONE CAREFULLY DISGUISED LAMP ASTERN.

The faint glow in the water is from a shaded light hung over the stern, and visible only by its reflection in the water as a slight indication of the position of the vessel.

5. A DEVICE FOR SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NEXT VESSEL AHEAD: AN ELECTRIC LAMP IN A BOX TOWED ASTERN BY AN ELECTRIC WIRE.

This light is to some extent shaded, and is clearly visible only to the man who looks down on it from the bow of the next vessel astern. The lamp can be used for signalling by the Morse code.

[“THE VANISHED WAR-SHIP.”—Continued from Page 688.]

water which had entered from above and was slowly churning through a heavy swell.

“Is there any ship on this sea except us?” asked Gabriel.

“You don’t see ‘em in fleets ‘ere,” answered Ben.

“This ain’t the Dogger.”

“I wish it was,” said Gabriel longingly. “Well, come what may, we shall ha’ to signal the first ship we see. This old ‘ooker can’t keep up if there’s another breeze like that.”

“Keep your pecker up,” said Ben. “We’ve plenty o’ stuff to eat an’ coal to burn, even if we can’t do more nor three or four knots, an’ this ship isn’t goin’ to sink yet.”

So the runaways waited and hoped. Day followed day and a week had passed since the gun-boat had been captured.

“Is that a cloud?” asked Gabriel of Ben, pointing to a little dark patch on the horizon.

“Either that or a steam-boat’s smoke,” answered Ben, “an’ I think it’s a steam-boat.”

“Mail-boat, I ‘xpect,” said Gabriel thoughtfully.

“Now, my lads, remember this: whatever happens, I’m the man, and the only man, that put you up to this.”

“That’s no mail-boat,” said a voice at Gabriel’s elbow. The skipper turned and saw that the speaker was the chief engineer of the gun-boat. “That’s a British cruiser,” added the man, “and it’s the *Lydia*. She was ordered to return home a week or two since.”

“If the *Lydia* comes this way I’ll tell ‘im just the plain truth an’ stand by what ‘appens,” said Gabriel.

“She’s coming all right,” the engineer assured him. “You couldn’t get out of her way if you tried. By George! Just watch her. If you want a war-ship you’ve got to go to the British Navy, after all.”

The *Lydia* came up to within a stone’s throw and lowered a boat, which was pulled off to the gun-boat. A youthful Sub-Lieutenant stepped from her stern-sheets and clambered up the side.

Gabriel met him. “Why, bless my soul! It’s Mr. Sherston!” he exclaimed. “Last time I saw you, Sir, you was a cadet.” He gripped the young officer by the hand, and held him. “To hear you’s almost as good as bein’ back in Rockborough, Sir,” he added.

Sub-Lieutenant Sherston stared at the speaker in amazement. “Gabriel!” he exclaimed at last. “What’s the meaning of it? You here—and old Ben—and the women and the children. In a rank old ship like this!”

“Come below, Sir,” said Gabriel, “an’ as one Rockborough man to another I’ll tell you just everything that’s happened.”

The Sub-Lieutenant went below, and with a severely judicial expression listened to the skipper’s tale.

“Talk about fiction,” he said, when the story was done, “it isn’t in it with fact! Just fancy! you, a mere handful of North Sea smacksmen, bagging a gun-boat!”

“It’s only fair to say that they were all dead-drunk, Sir, an’ at we were desperate,” replied Gabriel modestly.

“And to keep her afloat in a hurricane like that!” continued Sherston.

“As for that,” said Gabriel, “a man ‘ud keep a tub afloat if he was put to it an’ the tub didn’t sink.”

“It’s a strange case,” said the Sub-Lieutenant. Gabriel agreed on this point.

“But you don’t know the strangest part of it,” proceeded the Sub-Lieutenant. “The funny thing is that the nation which owns this thing believes she’s at the bottom of the sea. It’s reported that she was swallowed by a tidal wave that came in. Amongst other things it wrecked all the boats on the beach. A few men from the ship were saved. They said that all they knew was that they had been miraculously thrown ashore. They’re supposed to have landed just as the ship was swallowed up. As for the rest of the lot, they were all ashore. There was a feast on, and they were as drunk as hogs. Well, you’d better come on board the *Lydia* with me, Gabriel,” added Sherston, by way of ending the conversation.

To the Captain of the *Lydia* the skipper told his story, in almost the same words as he had used to the Sub-Lieutenant.

The Captain rubbed his chin slowly—it was a very smooth, brown chin, and looked at Gabriel with a gleam of admiration in his grey eyes. “It’s a very serious thing for you all,” he said.

“Only me, Sir,” corrected Gabriel. “I’m the one ‘at did it—remember that, Sir. I don’t want anybody else jailin’ for this business.”

“Can you keep your mouth shut?” asked the Captain after a pause.

“I’m not given to talkin’,” Gabriel assured him.

“The people who belong to that old ship might just as well go on believing that the tidal wave swallowed her,” continued the Captain.

“I shall never tell ‘em different,” said Gabriel, puzzled to know what the officer meant.

“You’ve been picked up from a derelict,” said the Captain, looking Gabriel straight in the face. There was a world of meaning in the grey eyes.

“Yes, Sir,” answered Gabriel, understanding.

When the men and women and children had been brought from the gun-boat to the cruiser the Gunnery-Lieutenant carried out certain orders. He sent a shell from the 6-in. bow-gun and drove it into the gun-boat amidships. She was shattered by the explosion, and sank as the *Lydia* steamed away.

“I suppose you’re wondering what the end of this affair will be?” said the Captain to the Commander when the gun-boat had vanished.

“I am,” said the Commander.

“I see no reason why the people of the island shouldn’t go on believing that these poor creatures were swallowed up by the tidal wave which came in and carried off so many people,” added the Captain.

And the Commander smilingly agreed that it was well that the islanders should not be disillusioned.

THE END.

CHESS.

J. KEEBLE (Norwich).—We are pleased you have renewed your acquaintance after so long an interval with a problem that gave you such pleasure.

B. P. TODD (Leicester) AND OTHERS.—Problem No. 3157 cannot be solved by 1. K to K2nd on account of 1. P to K7th, which is a satisfactory defence.

C. B. (Biggleswade).—1. Q to K2nd is wide of the mark.

J. M. (Bridgend).—Thanks for problem. Try 1. Q to K4th, followed by 2. P to K4th. We, of course, could not publish it without the consent of the composer, but it is a charming piece of chess strategy.

SORRENTO.—Your problem appears sound, and is marked for early insertion.

R. BEV (Coltsworth).—We have looked at your last batch, and find every one is unfortunately inaccurate.

REV. G. DONIS (New Orleans).—We acknowledge with pleasure your new contribution.

J. FOSTER (Athenæum Chess Club).—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3153 received from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3154 from F. Drakeford (Brampton); of No. 3155 from Emile Frau (Lyons), F. Drakeford, and C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3156 from W. Hardman (Oldham), F. B. Watton (Edgbaston), Mrs. Marlow, Emile Frau, Albert Wolff (Putney), John Drevon (Birmingham), H. Hilton (Manchester), H. A. Sims (Stockwell), James Halford (Hornsey), A. G. (Pancova), T. Smith (Brighton), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), W. Nugent, and James Manning (Lewisham).

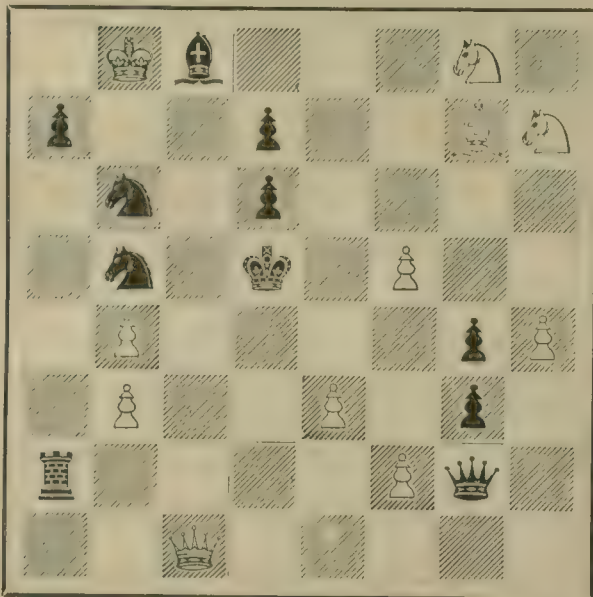
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3157 received from A. W. Roberts (Sandhurst), Café Glacier (Marseilles), W. Hopkinson (Derby), Alpha, L. Desanges, John Keeble (Norwich), H. S. Brandreth (Paris), W. Nugent, H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), A. Matthews (Bristol), Emile Frau (Lyons), Shadforth, Albert Wolff (Putney), Clement C. Danby, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A. Belcher (Wycombe), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Doryman, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), A. A. Battson (Liverpool), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), R. Worters (Canterbury), and F. Henderson (Leeds).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3156.—By G. F. H. PACKER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to B5th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3159.—By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club Tournament, between Messrs. TATTERSALL and MASON.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K4th	P to Q4th	22. Kt to K5th	B takes Kt
2. P takes P	Q takes P	23. B P takes B	Kt to R4th
3. Kt to Q B3rd	Q to R4th	24. Q R to K B sq	Kt to Q2nd
4. P to Q4th	Kt to K B3rd	25. Q to B sq	R to K B sq
5. B to Q3rd	P to B3rd	26. B to K Kt5th	Q to K sq
6. Kt to K2nd	B to Kt5th	27. R to R3rd	R to B2nd
7. B to K B4th	Q Kt to Q2nd		
8. Q to R2nd	P to K3rd		
9. P to Q R3rd	B to K2nd		
10. Castles K R	B takes Kt		
11. P to Q Kt4th	Q to K sq		

Black's play has been scarcely consistent with the idea of the opening, which from its very name implies a more aggressive line than an ordinary defence.

12. Kt takes B
13. P to Q B3rd
14. Q to B2nd
15. Kt to Kt3rd
16. B to Q2nd
17. P to K B4th
18. R to B3rd

The beginning of a crushing advance. It is curious how powerless Black is, with nearly every piece on the board, to arrest the attack that is in course of preparation.

19. Kt to B sq
20. Kt to K3rd
21. Kt to B4th

Black can do nothing but wait in hope that somewhere the attack will prove ineffective.

22. Q to K sq
23. Kt to K2nd
24. R to R6th
25. R to B4th
26. P to K R4th
27. Q to Kt3rd
28. Q to K3rd
29. B to K2nd
30. R to R6th
31. R to B4th
32. P to K R4th
33. Q to Kt3rd
34. P to R5th
35. Q to R4th
36. B takes P

The defence is now broken through, after much patient but admirable manoeuvring by White.

37. Q to R2nd
38. R to R4th
39. B takes Kt
40. R takes P
41. R takes Q (ch)
42. R to R8th (ch)
43. Q to R4th
44. R to R5th

Black can do nothing but wait in hope that somewhere the attack will prove ineffective.

45. R to R5th
46. R to R6th
47. R to R7th
48. R to R8th
49. R to R9th
50. R to R10th
51. R to R11th
52. R to R12th
53. R to R13th
54. R to R14th
55. R to R15th
56. R to R16th
57. R to R17th
58. R to R18th
59. R to R19th
60. R to R20th

We have given the game in which Mr. Napier established the validity of this defence of Jasnogrodsky, and here proceeds to confirm it against the variation by which the supporters of the Gambit hoped to maintain the attack.

11. P to Q4th
12. B to Kt5th
13. B takes Kt
14. R takes B
15. R takes Kt

Kt to Q2nd
K to Q sq
B takes B
Q takes R P
Q takes R

The Rice Gambit Tournament, which has been in progress during the last month at the Criterion, has resulted in a victory for Mr. Teichmann. The second and third prizes were divided by Messrs. Napier and L. onhardt.

We understand that the match between Messrs. Janowsky and Marshall will take place in Paris, commencing in December next. The latter player has won the first prize in the St. Louis Tournament by winning every game in the first eight rounds.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WORLD'S ENERGIES.

Perusing a magazine article recently, I came across the statement that eventually it might be expected that all the phenomena of the world, all its forces or forms of energy, and indeed every detail of its existence, would be resolved into manifestations of electricity. We have heard so much in this strain of late days that it seems desirable to examine statements of the kind a little closely, so as to arrive at some conception of their value. No doubt electrical energy bulks very largely in the list of cosmical powers. To describe the world as a huge magnet would not, I presume, be regarded as involving any departure from fact. We know something of the play of electrical atoms, and of the share they take in producing many of the actions that are characteristic of our globe and its physical constitution.

Also we know the law of the correlation of forces; how light and heat and electricity and magnetism are all variations of, it may be, one primary form of energy, since we can convert an equivalent of the one into an equivalent of the other. They are all "modes of motion," in a word, and the differences between them are due to variations in the rate at which their atoms vibrate or comport themselves. All this is taught us in the schools, and is figured forth to us in the discourses of our physicists. When, however, we are asked to believe that electricity is life itself, to quote the opinion of the article, and when we are asked to believe that electricity is the force which, flashing along our nerves from our brain-cells, brings into play our frame at large, we may well draw rein and ask ourselves whether for this statement there can be afforded any adequate or reasonable degree of proof.

Consider, for example, what happens in the ordinary control and government of our actions. I wish to touch a table. The thought may not result in action. It may, if I so will it, remain unexpressed by any muscular work. My brain-cells may refuse to give the order to send forth to my body the necessary stimulus which shall put certain muscles in action, and bring my finger in contact with the table. The idea remains in what, for convenience, we may call the "thought stage." There has been a stirrage of brain-cells, and nothing more. But if, on the other hand, I determine that I will exercise my tactile sense, the brain-cells discharge the order. There is a transmission of a certain kind of energy from the cells through the telegraph-wires of the body. These last are nerve-fibres. Conveyed accurately to the muscles I wish to bring into play—for the brain is like the man in the railway signal-box, and can direct its trains into any line or way it likes and desires—the message goes forth, and my finger touches the table.

It is not necessary to remark that a return message to the brain is needed to inform its cells that the action has been performed, and that information is afforded to my consciousness of the successful carrying out of the work, enabling me to pass judgment on the nature of the thing touched. That which concerns us is the question of the nature of the force or energy which constitutes the essence of the message that has flashed from brain to body. The casual critic tells me it is electricity that carries out the action. Now this is precisely where we must tread with cautious step. Electricity we know; we can generate it and we can measure it, but it is quite another thing to assert that our brain is an electrical station whose cells are generating this form of energy as the means of maintaining relationship with the body it controls.

We say we think we should like to touch the table. That stage we call the "thought stage." But can anybody explain what happens when the "thought" is transformed into something else that passes along our nerve-fibres and gives rise to muscular or other actions? We might as well assume that it is "heat" which represents the active agent here. That which nobody can explain is the act of converting "thought" into action, or how the brain-cell transforms the idea into a physical act. Long ago, Tyndall and Huxley both declared that the gulf between consciousness as a function of brain-cells and the manifestations of it in our frames was impassable and unthinkable. There is no warrant for assuming that "nerve force," which is the term we use to indicate the form of energy that sets muscles in action, is electrical in its nature. A nerve-cell alone can generate it, and nobody has yet ventured to assert that such a cell is simply an electrical unit. Much the same notion was expressed when wireless telegraphy became a reality. People fancied they could explain "telepathy," or the supposed influencing of a mind at a distance by the thoughts of another brain, on a similar basis. But all this is unproved assumption, because it presupposes what nobody can prove—first, that emanations do go off from our brain, and secondly, that they are of the nature of electrical waves.

I have no objection to this theory, only, I repeat, there is no support for it to be found in science. True, nerve force can be converted into electricity. Your torpedo, or electrical skate, your electric eel of the Amazon, and certain Nile fishes, give you severe shocks when you touch them. But mark the rationale of this proceeding. Each fish possesses distinct electrical organs by which nerve force conveyed into them from the nervous system is transformed into electricity, just, indeed, as the motion of your dynamo gives you electric energy to supply light or motive power. Man has no such electrical organ, and he cannot generate a store of electricity like the fishes above noted. There is no warrant for assuming that electrical energy is the force which enables our bodies to obey our brains. These bodies may exhibit electrical actions, it is true, but such actions are merely results, and not in themselves causes.

ANDREW WILSON.

RUSSIAN HUMANITY TOWARDS A FOE IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKONK FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



ENMITY WAIVED AT THE CALL OF HUMANITY: A KINDLY RUSSIAN SOLDIER SUCCOURING A JAPANESE OFFICER.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "During the attack on the Cockscomb Forts, at which I was present, on August 22 and 23, the Japanese had to retire from an untenable trench to a lower one. A captain was shot in the head, and, falling from the glacis back into the trench, lay unconscious the whole night. In the morning he regained his senses, and, lying in great pain, unable to move, he noticed a Russian soldier enter the earthwork and closely examine the dead. Fearing foul play, the officer succeeded in drawing his revolver, and waited events. The soldier, he discovered, was unarmed and was bleeding freely, for his left ear had been severed. Presently, with a reassuring smile, he approached the officer, examined his wounds, took him in his arms, and carried him to the trench, where both were joyfully welcomed."

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH: A HORNETS' NEST OF SHELLS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



AN AMBULANCE IMPERILED: A JAPANESE FIRST-AID STATION UNDER FIRE.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "At the capture of Namakoyama on September 20, owing to the mountainous configuration of the country, the Japanese batteries were huddled close together, so close that the hill behind our position was alive with bursting shells all day as the Russians tried to silence our guns. Through this terrible fire the wounded were carried to the first-aid station in the cleft of a rock on the right; but even in this haven of refuge, shortly before my arrival, a segment of shell had passed through one of the dressing-tents."

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE AROUND TWO PORT ARTHUR FORTS

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

With the 1st Division - The Capture of Namakoyama - The Japanese assaulting the position. I have never seen a more gallant fight than this attack. After making good their foothold on the evening of the 19th of Sept. midway up the position they carried the heights on the following morning, driving the Russians down the reverse slope. One feature in this fight was the throwing of bombs by the advance companies of Japanese as they leapt into the trenches the light of which added to the hursting shrapnel and shell as the shades of night fell made the scene most weird and dramatic as they exploded.

Fort 203 not belonging to Namakoyama
one of several positions that have no name and known
by their altitude

Frederic Villiers



HAND-GRENADES IN MODERN WARFARE: THE CAPTURE OF FORT NAMAKOYAMA, AND THE APPROACH TO THE 203-MÈTRE FORT.

Of the assaults of September 19 and the following days the correspondents of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Mail" write as follows: "Throwing grenades backward and forward, the Japanese drove the Russians into the trenches, destroyed the machine-gun shelters, captured four machine-guns, and then followed the Russians through the trenches and captured three other guns easily. During the night of the 19th the Japanese sappers cut away over 100 feet of entanglements on the south-west of the 203-mètre height and its semi-permanent works. Later three Japanese regiments made an assault, but were repulsed. The sides of the fort on the 203-Mètre Hill, 100 by 500 yards in measurement, were bombproof and loopholed. It had sand-bag trenches, and its roof was covered by a double layer of centimètre steel plates, covered with earth on timber. The corners of the trenches were strengthened by rails. It mounted two heavy guns, three field-guns, and three machine-guns. Single wire entanglements protected the outer trench. The saps were carried to the foot of 203-Mètre Hill from the south-west. On the 20th one regiment made an assault from the saps, but was unable to reach the breastwork owing to the furious fire. Two bodies of men, each numbering about sixty, tried to cross about three hundred yards of open space by spreading out and running at top speed. The shrapnels from 203-Mètre Hill killed every man."

FICTION, TRAVEL, AND MEMOIRS.

Whosoever Shall Offend . . . By F. Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Smalilon. By J. H. Yoxall. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)

Tibet and the Tibetans. By F. Grenard. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. (London: Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)

The Heart of Penelope. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

Retrospects. By William Knight. First Series. (London: Smith, Elder. 9s.)

Aubrey de Vere: A Memoir. By Wilfrid Ward. (London: Longmans. 14s.)

"Whosoever Shall Offend . . ." does not represent Mr. Marion Crawford at his best. Placed in modern Italy, it seems to have absorbed certain characteristics of the Italian people—an easy indolence more picturesque than enthralling, a placid content that little can disturb. There is about it a lack of vigour, a leisure that lends it but languid interest: melodramatic in material, it is but mildly dramatic in manner. The unscrupulous Folco Corbario marries the wealthy widow of Martino Consalvi; murders her with the aid of a tabloid of "sleeping death" (conveniently but unwittingly supplied by an amiable professor) in order that he may have the unrestricted use of her money and, incidentally, the freedom to wed Aurora dell' Armi; with the same object, attempts to kill his son—and we are unmoved. A passionate attachment springs up between Marcello Consalvi, the son in question, and Regina, a beautiful peasant-girl, who finds him wounded at an inn-door, nurses him back to life, smuggles him to Rome and contrives his admission to hospital, in order to save him from her rapacious employers, and eventually accompanies him to Paris and elsewhere, an arrangement encouraged by Corbario, who now seeks to rid himself of his stepson by urging him to dissipation—still we are unmoved. Complications ensue: Marcello wavers between his first love, Aurora, and Regina, who will not marry him lest she drag him down; Corbario, finding that the peasant-girl, realising at last that the life of pleasure is killing her lover, is determined to save him from excesses, seeks to separate them; they discover his perfidy; Marcello turns him from his door—yet we are unmoved. Then comes the climax that has been foreshadowed. Professor Kalmon and one Ercole, who turns out to be Regina's father, draw the web about the villain of the piece; another murder is committed; Corbario is trapped, taken, and meets his deserts; Regina dies entrusting her lover to Aurora, and the end is peace—we are momentarily interested and mildly sceptical.

The heiress who is stolen by gypsies, so that the villain may possess himself of her estate, is a little old-fashioned for a modern taste. At the age of three Mistress Mary Lucinda Dafydd, calling herself Molly Loo, becomes a gypsy and is christened Smalilon by her tribe. From that time her history is entirely sorrowful. "The propensity in her towards an unselfish devotion made her apt for any woe that unrequited love may bring." Unluckily this passion is lavished on a gypsy lad she supposes to be her brother. He turns highwayman, and in her unavailing efforts to save him from the gallows she loses her reason. Mr. Yoxall makes the best of this unpromising theme; but he might have seen that very little interest could be excited by a heroine with a sisterly affection for a scamp who is not her kin. The arch-villain who stole her estate sits on the Bench when the supposed brother is tried and sentenced, and, having grossly insulted her in court, this remarkable Judge tries to marry her privately, on the pretext of sparing the highwayman's life. Here the story loses all semblance of the eternal verities, which must be respected even by novelists. But it is very pleasantly written, and as the author is a member of Parliament, we can truthfully say that it ought not to endanger his seat.

M. Grenard divides his "Tibet and the Tibetans" into two parts, the first of which describes a singularly arduous and perilous journey through a little-known country, and the second the peoples with whom he came in contact, their industries and habits of life. Travel in Tibet can never be luxurious in existing circumstances, but the author and the leader of the scientific mission, M. Dutreuil de Rhins, approaching the country in the winter, were destined to endure exceptional climatic hardships. Of these, however, he says little; and, indeed, his descriptions of winter marches at high altitudes speak with sufficient eloquence for themselves. The two travellers displayed remarkable tenacity of purpose in their endeavour to gain admission to Lassa: their patience must have tried to its utmost even the procrastinating Tibetan officials; but after spending several weeks within fifty or sixty miles of the city, they were obliged to resume their journey westward without having obtained a glimpse of the gilded roofs that sheltered the Dalai Lama. We are not concerned to criticise the events which culminated in an attack on the expedition and the death of M. de Rhins. The situation was a most difficult one, and the people seem to have determined to fix a quarrel on the strangers. The latter portion of this very interesting book contains a great deal of information which has special value at the present time.

The form of "The Heart of Penelope" is a novel; but it is not quite that; it is a collection of studies of nineteenth-century men and women. It has, it is true, a plot; it brings sundry affairs of the heart to a climax; but it leaves the impression that its action is only incident in the lives of certain well-bred people, and not life itself. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has allowed the public to view her characters, but she respects the reserve that they impose upon themselves, and she does not draw the curtain too widely aside from their

seclusion. Her attitude has a curious, tantalising effect upon the reader, who sees people whose closer acquaintance he is brought to desire walking in a gentle twilight of inaccessibility. Sir George Downing, who made a youthful indiscretion that wrecked his life at home, and who worked out his own salvation in a Persian exile until he returned to England as a man of note, bore the marks of his first fall through life; but he kept his individuality unchanged. Penelope, though her heart, for many reasons—heredity among them—was vulnerable, retained her reticent, distinctive personality, even in the thrall of an earnest passion. Character, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' showing, stands above the assault of circumstance; and the moderation and skill with which she has applied her theory have produced a very interesting, but scarcely a satisfying book. She has trusted us too little: her people live and move, but she does not admit us to the intimacy with them that she enjoys. We admire her restraint, but we are piqued by it, and as a result we find ourselves laying by her book, with the intention of re-reading it at an early opportunity.

Professor Knight was given, and made, many opportunities of becoming acquainted with notable men and women of last century. His "Retrospects," of which we have here the first series, are not exactly the first fruits of his encounters. He has made offerings before now. What he aims at, he says, is a sort of miscellany, in which are set down "a few *præterita* that would otherwise have been unrecorded." As a matter of fact, some have been recorded before, and recorded better, and some there was no need to have recorded at all. But in the main, the volume is entertaining reading. Matthew Arnold, we are told, was not a great speaker or a good reader. When he first lectured in America he was inaudible beyond the front-row benches. One of his auditors called on him and offered to teach him "the art of public speaking." Arnold was amused, took the hint and a few "lessons," and thereafter was heard throughout most lecture-halls. Elsewhere Professor Knight tells of climbing Ben-Muich-Dhu with Dr. Martineau, Mr. Seeley (the historian), Mr. Oscar Browning, and others, when Martineau proved "the fleetest of foot amongst us, and was first at the summit of the mighty ben," though he was then nearly eighty years of age. Very interesting, at the end of the chapter on Dean Stanley, is the report of a lecture on "The Relations of Theology, Science, and Literature," delivered by him in Dundee and never printed. One of the Dean's Scotch stories was of meeting an old woman at Perth Station who was excitedly lamenting the loss of her luggage in the Twelfth of August bustle, and trying to console her with the hope that she would recover her lost property. "Ey, Sir, meenister," she said, "I can stand ony pairtin's but pairtin' wi' ma baggage." Carlyle, F. D. Maurice, Tennyson, Browning, W. E. Gladstone are among the other celebrities to whom chapters of miscellaneous reminiscences are given in this volume. The preface whets our curiosity by announcing for similar treatment in a subsequent series a distinguished company, including Ruskin, Newman, G. F. Watts, Herbert Spencer, William Morris, Rossetti, Leslie Stephen, Mrs. Oliphant.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's memoir of Aubrey de Vere has one great lack for the literary reader. It does not attempt any appreciation of his poetry, or even give an outline of his history as a man of letters. This arrangement might pass if de Vere were likely to have a place in one of the familiar series of literary biographies; but, considerable as his achievements were, he is hardly likely to accomplish that measure of posthumous fame. The general reader, and particularly the reader with a turn for theology, will, however, have no quarrel with Mr. Ward on this score; for the space that might have been occupied by the "placing" of de Vere as a poet is devoted to de Vere's position as a religious thinker and to glimpses of him in the society of his attached friends. A wholly amiable figure is thus presented to us, with no shadow of a narrow environment cast upon it. The poet who finds liberty in the sonnet's scanty plot of ground is the type of de Vere, who, wearing what other men might regard as chains, walked with the elation of a limitless freedom. Carlyle, who had more kindness for him than for most, rode over to advise him not to join the Roman Catholic Church. "You were born free; why go into that hole?" De Vere, who knew that he carried his own light with him wherever he went, was moved only to a smile by the appeal. No man was more fixed than he in his principles, and no man more tolerant of the beliefs of others: only he who is doubtful about his position hits about him with desperation. Mr. Ward does all this part of his work with tact and insight; he is never heavy in hand. The glimpses of "Mr." Wordsworth, whom Aubrey de Vere knew and worshipped; of Landor, who hailed his verse as that of a Greek come again; of Coleridge, who, up to a point, was his guide and his philosopher, though not his friend; of Tennyson, the growth in whose moral character after his marriage he watches with a fatherly eye; of Sir Henry Taylor, whose own elevated mental and moral stature enabled him to estimate his friend's in true proportion. Of de Vere no "love-affair" is recorded in the memoir. But we hear of his friendships with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Villiers, with Sara Coleridge, and with Lady Taylor, his cousin, and the best loved of the three. De Vere once fancied that he might have been a politician. Well, he might have been one—in Utopia. His business transactions with his publishers were of the simplest kind, but they cost him infinite calculations, hesitations, watchings, countings, and conferences with experienced friends. "I keep myself poor by publishing," he used to say quite complacently at the end of it all. Popularity would probably have given him many scruples; but this fortune has been his—to have a capable biographer, and to leave an honoured name and a modicum of verse which will never fail of a place in Victorian anthologies.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS.

"My dear Hawkins, you shall write your reminiscences, and, what is more, they shall be printed in good type, and, what is more, the first copy shall be directed to me." The words were the late Lord Westbury's, and they ought certainly to have led off the remarkable memoirs of our greatest judicial "character" instead of being relegated to an obscure corner at the end of a chapter. The Judge's comment on Westbury's desire to have the first copy directed to himself is just what might have been expected—"And so it should be if I only knew his address"—but it shows a sad lack of faith in the destination for which good Judges set out when they die. Still, there are many meads of asphodel in the Elysian Fields, and surely the softest of these is reserved for the excellent men who in this life tempered justice with mercy and upheld fearlessly the glorious traditions of Gascoigne. But long may it be ere Sir Henry Hawkins, now disguised as Baron Brampton, is called to join his great predecessors. Till then Westbury must be content to wait for his friend's two volumes, which Mr. Richard Harris, K.C., has edited and Mr. Edward Arnold has published.

Sir Henry, knowing with his infallible acumen that what people would most like to hear would be his tales of Bar and Bench with the inevitable sporting interludes, did not burden his editor with genealogies. He touches very briefly on his life at home at Hinchin "as little worth telling as that of any other in the same social position (the Judge's father was a solicitor), and he rushes at once to memories of Bedford School. Even there events were, as by some special direction of Providence, moulding the boy for his career. A very early reminiscence is fraught with the most singular significance. Once, from the schoolroom window, while he and another boy were enjoying the fun of market-day, young Hawkins observed a great silence come over the people. Presently a common farm-cart emerged from a by-street that led from Bedford Gaol, and "behind it," says Sir Henry,

walked a poor sad couple, with their heads bowed down and each with a hand on the tail-board of the cart. They were evidently overwhelmed with grief.

Happily we have no such processions now; even Justice has been humanised to some extent, and the Law's cruel severity mitigated. The cart contained the body of this poor man's only son, a youth of seventeen, hanged that morning at Bedford Gaol for setting fire to a stack of corn. . . . That was all the authorities could do for him, and they did it. Years afterwards that picture, photographed on my mind, gave me many a lesson which I believe was turned to good account on the judicial bench.

With the thoroughpaced scoundrel, of course. Hawkins (J.) was uncompromisingly severe, and in the course of a long career it was his duty to send not a few to a well-merited doom; but he winces under the name of a "hanging judge," and these pages show how scrupulous he was to consider in every case the degree of the criminal's guilt and to weigh the circumstances of the offence. Once in the case of a poor woman charged with child-murder, he asked a very young barrister to defend, and constituted himself the prisoner's advocate. Adroitly shelving the plea of insanity, which would have meant life-long imprisonment for the culprit, the Judge rigidly adhered to the charge of murder, and would permit the jury to convict only on that, whereby the obtuse may have imagined the Judge lacking in humanity. He insisted, however, that the woman did not know what she was doing, and secured a recommendation to mercy. The full benevolence of his purpose was manifest when it came to passing sentence.

The pompous old High Sheriff, all importance and dignity, said—

"My lord, are you not going to put on the black cap?"

"No," I answered, "I am not. I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death."

Addressing her by name, I said: "Don't pay any attention to what I am going to read. No harm will be done to you. I am sure you did not know in your great trouble and sorrow what you were doing, and I will take care to represent your case so that nothing will harm you in the way of punishment."

I then mumbled over the words of the sentence of death, taking care that the prisoner should not hear—much, no doubt, to the chagrin of the High Sheriff and the lowering of his high office and dignity. Nothing so enhances a Sheriff's dignity as the gallows.

This is the quality of the stories that Sir Henry tells, revealing without the least affectation that marvellous blending of shrewdness, firmness, and real kindness that go to make up his sterling personality. His glimpses of famous cases are illuminating, and not infrequently, as in the case of Dr. Lamson, the Judge supplies even a more adequate theory of the culprit's *modus operandi* than was suggested by the prosecution. During the trial of the Muswell Hill murderers the real working hypothesis of the case came to Sir Henry like an inspiration, and enabled him to send as precious a pair of ruffians as he ever had before him to the halter they richly deserved.

But of course the narrative is not entirely a Newgate Calendar. There are delightful glimpses of the humours of Circuit. The Judge had extraordinary staying powers, and, in order to dispatch business, would sit into the small hours, remaining keen and fresh when jurymen, witnesses, and ushers were nodding and sometimes actually snoring. After an appalling *sederunt*, a very portly jurymen once complained of cramp caused by many hours on a deplorably comfortable seat. "I'm sorry for the chair," was all the heartening he got from the inexorable Hawkins. The roystering tale of a nocturnal sitting at Nottingham when the Bar mess roared choruses in an adjoining room, the rollicking fun of Platt's examination of an illiterate witness, and, in fact, the rest of these entertaining volumes, we leave the reader to enjoy on his own account. As a provincial scribe exclaimed, "Hats off to Sir Henry Hawkins! There are few like him in this waning age."

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT RAN THE BLOCKADE: PORT ARTHUR FROM WITHIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A. LAVRANTIEFF.



MAKING THE ROAD TO LIAO-TI-SHAN, THE PROBABLE
LAST POINT OF DEFENCE.



AN AWKWARD TRACK FOR GUN-TRANSPORT TO LIAO-TI-SHAN:
ROAD 9.



RIDDLED WITH SHELL: EFFECT OF THE BOMBARDMENT
ON A PORT ARTHUR HOUSE.



A MUSCOVITE MENACE TO JAPAN: A GUN AND GUN-SHIELD;
THE GUN LAID FOR HIGH-ANGLE FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT RAN THE BLOCKADE OF PORT ARTHUR: THE FORTRESS FROM WITHIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A. LAVRANTIEFF.



CHINESE GUNS IN RUSSIAN SERVICE: QUICK-FIRERS UNDER INSPECTION BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION.



ENGINEERING UNDER FIRE: THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW NAVAL DOCK DURING THE SIEGE.



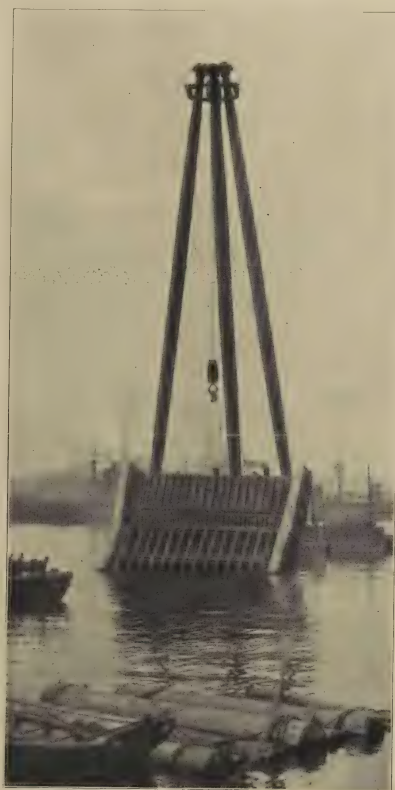
SUSTENANCE DURING SIEGE: SOLDIERS AT DINNER.



SAPPERS AT WORK: DIGGING TRENCHES.



STRENGTHENING THE WORKS: TEMPORARY FORTIFICATIONS IN PROGRESS.



TO TAKE THE PLACE OF DOCKING: THE MACHINE THAT COVERS HOLES IN SHIPS, USED TO REPAIR ALL LARGE BATTLE-SHIPS.

Before the sheer-pole a slaying, somewhat like a lateral section of one side of a graving dock, has been erected. When the damaged vessel was brought alongside she was hoisted over until the defect was exposed, and the workmen had access by the slaying to the part to be repaired.



THE "GEMASCHII," LATELY STRUCK BY A MINE AND SUNK.



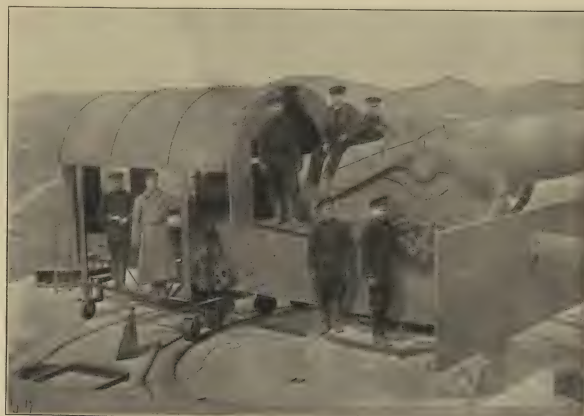
SUFFERERS IN THE CONFLICT: WOUNDED ON THE WAY TO HOSPITAL.



LAST HONOURS TO MEN OF THE "PETROPAVLOVSK" - BRINGING BODIES ASHORE.



WAITING TO SPEED A DEADLY MESSAGE TO THE JAPANESE: GUNNERS READY TO FIRE.



PORT ARTHUR'S HEAVY ARTILLERY: A BIG GUN READY FOR ACTION.

A BLOCKADE-RUN PHOTOGRAPH: THE ENGINEER WHO FORTIFIED PORT ARTHUR.

PHOTOGRAPH (ENLARGEMENT) SUPPLIED BY A. LAVRANTIEFF.

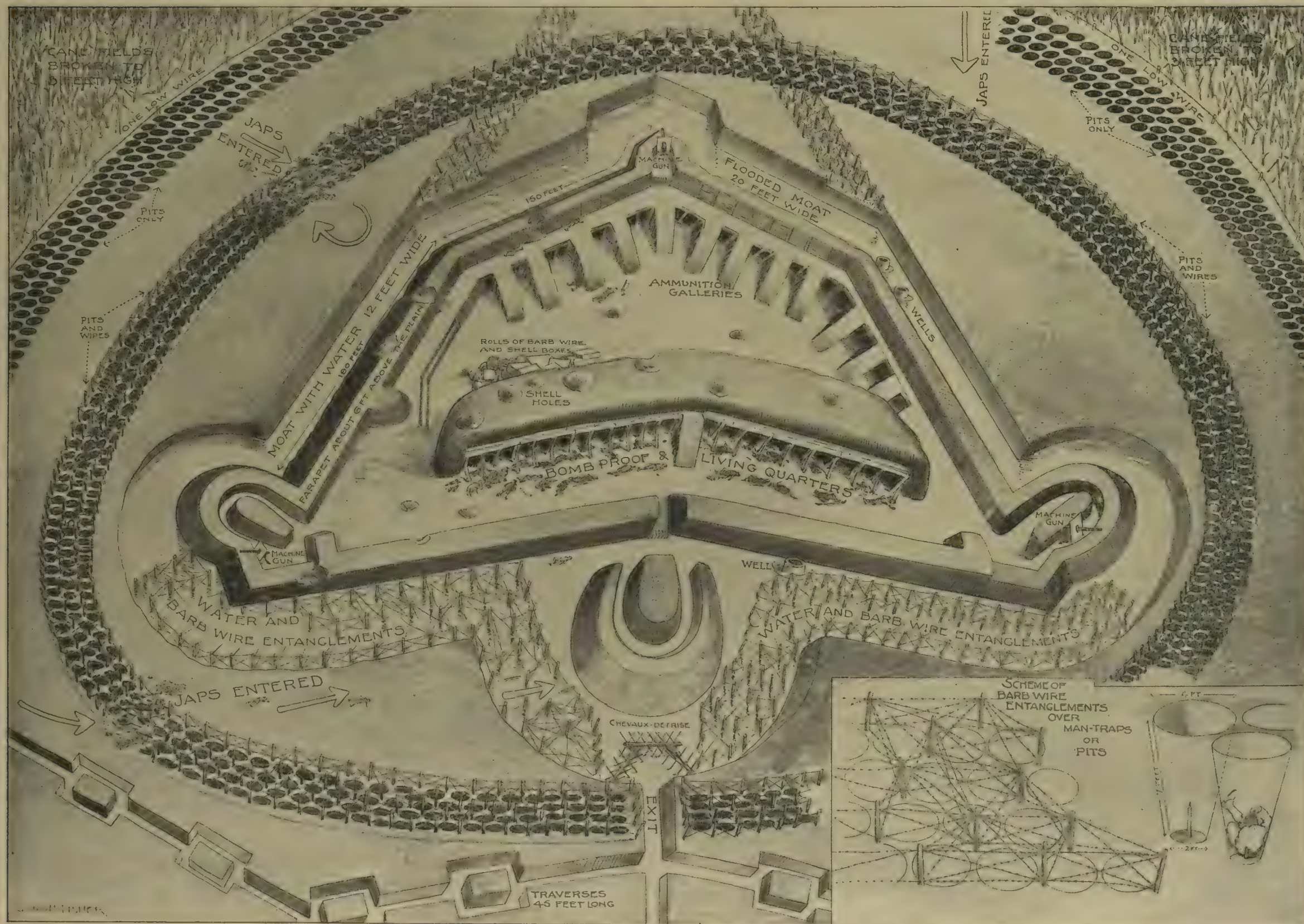


AN 'ANNIHILATOR' OF REGIMENTS WHOLESALÉ: GENERAL KRONDACHENKO SUPERINTENDING MINING OPERATIONS ON THE WOLF HILLS.

General Krondachenko is the engineer who devised the elaborate defences of Port Arthur. He is here photographed as he was directing the laying of land-mines, in which he has employed torpedoes, electrically fired, to annihilate whole regiments of Japanese.

STRONG BUT INEFFECTUAL: THE TREMENDOUS RUSSIAN REDOUBT SOUTH OF LIAO-YANG.

EXACT COPY MADE BY A. HUGH FISHER OF A SKETCH MADE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE BY GRANT WALLACE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LIAO-YANG.



A RUSSIAN FORT THAT COST THE JAPANESE THREE THOUSAND MEN: THE SEMI-PERMANENT REDOUBT ON THE LEVEL PLAIN, ONE MILE SOUTH OF LIAO-YANG.

This redoubt was one of eleven similar earthworks forming the inner line of defence. General Stackelberg's rearguard held it until 11.30 p.m. on Saturday, September 3. This is the spot where many companies of Oku's 3rd Division were nearly annihilated, and three thousand Japanese fell in the night attack on this one position. Mr. Grant Wallace's sketch was verified by two of the military attachés.

THE ASSAULT ON THE KEY TO THE RUSSIAN CENTRE AT LIAO-YANG: THE CHARGE OF THE 3RD AND 5TH DIVISIONS.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE BATTLEFIELD BY GRANT WALLACE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LIAO-YANG.



1. ONE OF THE STRONGEST DEFENCES OF LIAO-YANG: RUSSIAN REDOUBT. ARTILLERY, INVISIBLE, JUST OVER SUMMIT.
2. RUSSIAN INFANTRY IN FLIGHT.
3. SCENE OF MOST TERRIFIC MODERN BOMBARDMENT: A SLIGHT EMINENCE WHENCE 100 GUNS RAINED SHELLS FROM 11.30 A.M. TILL 10 P.M. AUGUST 31, ON HILL 10 AND 16.
4. "ROUND TOP," WHERE RUSSIANS WERE FREQUENTLY REPULSED AND TRENCH WAS FILLED WITH DEAD.
5. BUDDHIST TEMPLE OF KWAN-YIN AND THE NINE GOLDEN GODS: EACH COLOSSAL GOD HIT BY SHRAPNEL.
- 6, 6, 6. JAPANESE CHARGING RUSSIAN REDOUBT IN OPEN ORDER.
- 7, 7. WHERE OKU'S 33RD REGIMENT HUGGED THE GROUND IN CHINESE GRAVES ALL DAY AND LOST 30 PER CENT. OF THEIR NUMBERS UNDER CROSS-FIRE.

8. WIRE ENTANGLEMENT WHICH CAPTAIN INOUE'S TWENTY-TWO MEN FAILED TO CUT; TWENTY-ONE PERISHED.
9. OPENINGS CUT IN ENTANGLEMENTS BY INOUE'S MEN AND SIXTY OTHER ENGINEERS, WITH CLIPPERS AND FOLDING SAWS.
10. JAPANESE BATTERY FIRING AT 300-YARDS' RANGE. NEARLY ALL GUNNERS KILLED.
11. JUNCTION OF OKU'S 3RD DIVISION AND NODZU'S 5TH DIVISION: OKU'S 6TH REGIMENT CHARGING.
12. OKU'S 18TH REGIMENT.
13. PORTION OF 21ST REGIMENT (TAKUSHAN ARMY).
14. OUR ARTIST'S POSITION WITH THE 41ST REGIMENT.
15. PART OF 42ND REGIMENT, OF WHICH THE MEN WERE BLOWN INTO THE AIR BY SCORP'S.

16. BUDDHIST TEMPLE USED AS A HOSPITAL: THE ALTAR WAS THE OPERATING-TABLE. OUR ARTIST SLEPT ON IT.
17. RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN A MUD HOUSE, WHERE MANY HUNDREDS OF WOUNDED WERE WEDGED IN.
18. FIELD-HOSPITAL, SHELTERED BY BANK OF CREEK, BUT OPEN TO FIRE FROM 4.
- 19, 19. SORGHUM (CANE) FIELDS, THROUGH WHICH THE 3RD DIVISION CHARGED; 300 JAPANESE GUNS HIDDEN HERE.
20. BEAN-FIELDS WHERE HUNDREDS FELL BY RIFLE-FIRE.
21. WHERE SOME COMPANIES OF 10TH DIVISION LOST 85 TO 90 PER CENT. OF THEIR NUMBERS, AND ONE LOST EVERY OFFICER.
22. KUROKI'S BATTLE-GROUND, EXTENDING THREE OR FOUR MILES ALONG HILLS.

23. SEVEN SUBTERRANEAN MINES, FIRED BY ELECTRICITY AS JAPANESE CROSSED: ONLY FIFTY KILLED.
- 24, 24. FIVE ROWS OF SEVEN-FOOT PITS, WITH STAKES AND BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.
25. ENTANGLEMENTS PROTECTING "LITTLE ROUND TOP."
26. CANE-COVERED PLAIN THROUGH WHICH JAPANESE ADVANCED ON A FOUR-MILE FRONT CHARGING EVERY RUSSIAN POSITION AT ONCE.
27. BOMBPROOF SHELTER, WHERE SEVEN COSSACKS WERE ENTRAPPED FOR FOURTEEN HOURS BY THE JAPANESE, WHO SEALED THEM UP WITH SAND-BAGS.
28. "LITTLE ROUND TOP," OCCUPIED BY A PART OF THE 33RD JAPANESE REGIMENT UNDER CROSS-FIRE.

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Aged One year.

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"This little book appears to meet this want more fully than any
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LADIES' PAGES.

Early winter was not at one time considered a favourite season for weddings, but each year lately the number of marriages at that season has increased, and during this current November there are over a hundred weddings arranged for at the few churches which monopolise the fashionable ceremonies of this description in town. There is, in fact, much to be said in favour of the choice of this period for getting married. London grows every year more thoroughly insupportable in the foggy season, but there are other places readily accessible where the most delightful climatic and social conditions await the traveller. Few of the "happy couples" can expect so prolonged a career of conjugal companionship as a pair have now enjoyed who celebrated their sixty-seventh wedding day a little while ago! This has been the good fortune of Mr. John Brinsmead, founder and head of the famous firm of pianoforte manufacturers. Mr. Brinsmead has recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and his wife is only some six months younger than himself. He was originally a farmer's boy in Devonshire, and then was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but the Biblical promise to the man "diligent in his business" has duly come to Mr. Brinsmead, and among the honours he now holds for the excellence of his pianofortes are the Honorary Membership of the National Academy of France (1874), Chevalier of the Legion of Honour (1878), Portuguese Royal Order of Knighthood (1886), royal appointment to the Queen (then Princess of Wales) in 1889, royal appointment to the King in 1891, also royal and special appointments to the Kings of Portugal, Italy, Bavaria, Sweden and Norway, the Shah of Persia, and several members of the English royal family. I was at the party that Mr. and Mrs. Brinsmead gave to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary, and am now awaiting an invitation to the seventieth!

I am reminded by the recent theft of the portrait-miniature of Baron Dimsdale from the National Portrait Gallery of an incident that was connected with his inoculating the great Empress Catherine of Russia for the smallpox. This operation preceded vaccination, and consisted in giving a mild form of the actual complaint itself as a means of preventing a possible severe attack coming on from infection. Lady Mary Montagu learned all about it in Turkey, and she introduced it to Europe. The Empress Catherine II. engaged Dr. Dimsdale—the same person as the subject of the stolen portrait—who had large experience in such cases, to visit Russia and perform the operation of inoculation on herself and on the heir to the throne, her little son. There was considerable danger to life in undergoing this artificially induced disease. The Tsaritsa, therefore, arranged that during the whole course of the illness of her son and herself there should be relays



A BEAUTIFUL WHITE EVENING DRESS.

This is a charming combination of satin, lace, chiffon, and ermine. It is chiefly composed of lace, laid over chiffon, which is in its turn supported on satin. The skirt has an accordion-pleated chiffon panel. Ermine trims both skirt and corsage; the little bows are white velvet.

of swift horses kept constantly ready attached to carriages all along the post-road the nearest way out of Russia, and strictly charged her physician that if any really dangerous symptoms displayed themselves in his illustrious patients he was not to remain to look after them, but to fly for his life without delay or compunction, as she well knew that he would not be safe if she or the heir of Russia died in his hands. She gave him a signed order of the most urgent kind from herself to the successive postmasters not to delay him for a minute on any pretext. This seems to me a very noble instance of unselfishness and goodness on the part of a despotic Sovereign; but Catherine never lacked in the minor genialities.

She was really a despot, like our own Elizabeth, of whom one of her statesmen wrote: "When all have done their utmost duty [in advising her], she wills what she wills." So Madame Vigée Le Brun, the eminent painter, in her memoirs, says that though Catherine was so polite and gracious that after a few moments' conversation with her "all my shyness vanished," and though she was "in private life the simplest and least exacting of women," lighting her own fire at five in the morning, and playing children's games in the evening with her grandchildren and a selected circle of friends "with much spirit and jollity," she was nevertheless a real ruler. When she dismissed the French Ambassador, as he himself told Madame Le Brun, she expressed her personal sorrow at losing his society, but she added—"What would you? I am an autocrat, and everyone to his trade!" The artist mixed so continuously in the highest society of the Court of Catherine that she had the best means of knowing, and may be believed when she says: "By great and lowly have I heard the name of her blessed to whom the nation owed so much. Catherine herself was the source of all these blessings to her people, for she never allowed anyone else real authority. She dictated her own dispatches to her Ministers, who were in effect but her secretaries." It is obviously not sufficient, in order to make the individuality effective, to be in a position of absolute authority; it is also necessary to be willing to exert the power thus conferred. One cannot but feel that the present excellent Tsar and his Consort, who is really gracious and loving, even though haughty and distant in manner, can be personally otherwise than grieved to the heart at recent events; but the Tsar does not follow the example of his famous ancestress in following his "trade of autocrat"!

I am interested to be told by "The Mere Man" of the *Sketch* that men's

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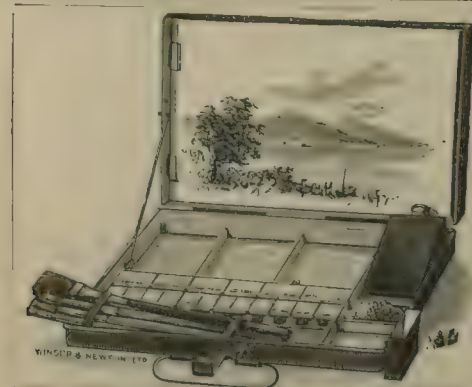
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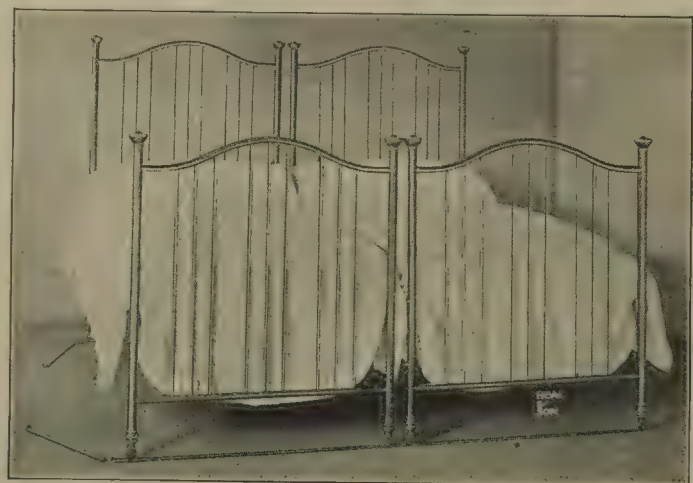


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FURS FOR THIS SEASON

*And Christmas Gifts in Fur
For Men and Women*

Should be thoughtfully selected, tastefully cut and elegantly fitted, and punctually sent home before the rush comes.

They should be purchased from manufacturers, furriers—experts—who know what they sell.

And they should be purchased from a house in whom implicit confidence can be placed. That

house, again, should be a London house, because London is the world's great market for furs. In 1788 John Nicholay established himself as a furrier in Buda, brought his business to London in 1802, where his son succeeded him, and became the world's leading furrier.

"He erected new premises—since demolished—containing the first really splendid show-rooms seen in London, and the regard in which he was held by the best class of customers is indicated by the fact that in 1842 Queen Adelaide formally opened his new shop. There was never a more scrupulously honest man of business, and the respect he commanded is shown by the fact that he was a Commissioner for the Income Tax, a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, an officer in the London Royal Artillery, and enjoyed the personal confidence of the Prince Consort, whom he greatly assisted in the task of organising the International Exhibition of 1851. This second Nicholay was in turn succeeded by his only son in 1875. He, having no son, left the control of the business during his later years to his manager. In 1898 the Nicholay fur business, both wholesale and retail, was merged in the well-known silk mercers' business known to private customers as Debenham and Freebody (at the corner of Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street), and known in the wholesale trade as Debenham and Co., Welbeck Street and St. Paul's Churchyard. The manager who had long conducted the house of Nicholay became interested in the combined business, bringing his workpeople with him. The result has been that in both the wholesale and retail trade an exceptionally long-established and important fur business is now conducted under a name hitherto associated in the public mind with fine silks, costumes, and embroideries. Although the name of the greatest of London furriers thus disappeared, the importance of London as a centre of both the manufacturing and retail fur trade has been enhanced by the change, for the connexion and the resources of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have given greater scope to the technical abilities of the staff of designers, cutters, and craftsmen which the house of Nicholay had recruited from Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. This organisation, in supplying the ermine used in the Coronation mantle of King Edward VII., recently received the highest recognition any British house can enjoy. The guarantee of absolute straightforwardness and fair dealing assured by the name of such a firm as Debenham and Freebody means a great deal to any woman who is spending money. When she is spending that money on furs she finds the added guarantee of special skill and experience which is given by the history of the Nicholay business, now merged in that firm. With this double assurance the doubts that usually beset the fur-buyer are quickly dissipated."

[From the Notes on Fur recently published in "The Times," and written by a member of the Advertising Staff of that journal, who personally investigated the facts.]

A full assortment of furs and a great number of new models may be seen at Wigmore Street, where not only the furs, but the work-rooms as well, await the inspection of visitors who desire to assure themselves that any furs ordered by them will be made up in a clean, wholesome place, not in East-End tenements.

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS HANDBOOK ON FURS AND FRAUDS IN FUR-SELLING. GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, "the Royal furriers," have just re-published in book form, with illustrations, the NOTES on FURS and on FRAUDS in FUR-SELLING, the TABLES SHOWING the WEIGHT and DURABILITY of VARIOUS FURS, and the suggestions with regard to the CHOICE of FUR for SPECIAL USES, which have recently appeared in "The Times." The ILLUSTRATIONS include reproductions of a number of ORIGINAL MODELS, specially DESIGNED by

MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY.

The TABLE of PRICES for Garments, Stoles, Muffs, Carriage-Rugs, and Footsacks will be found a convenient guide to the expenditure of any sum from 20s. to £5000.

MOTORISTS will find detailed information regarding the inexpensive and durable furs which are particularly recommended for their use by experts.

Early Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

welcome to either men or women, will also be found in this handbook.

A postcard addressed to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, will ensure the despatch of a copy of the handbook.

Furs at all Prices:
BUT ALL OF THEM ALWAYS AT REASONABLE PRICES.
20/- to £5,000.

A FEW CHRISTMAS HINTS.

ETON COATS (with embroidered revers)

Sealskin ... £35 to £65
Musquash, "seal finished" or
Moleskin ... £12 to £18
Musquash, "mole finished" £15 to £18

SHORT SACQUE COATS

Russian Sable,
Natural ... £250 upwards.
Russian Sable
"Shaded" ... £85 to £150
Canadian Sable,
Natural ... £100 to £150
Mink ... £30 to £115

STRAIGHT STOLES, half-length

Russian Sable,
Natural ... £40 upwards
Russian Sable,
"Shaded" ... £28 to £60
Canadian Sable ... £16 to £20
Marten ... £10 to £15
Mink ... £8 to £20

SHOULDER CAPES,

with stole ends

Russian Sable, Natural ... from £90
Russian Sable, "Shaded" from £60
Canadian Sable, Natural ... from £55
Canadian Sable, "Shaded" from £45
Marten ... from £32
Mink ... from £16

Fur Carriage Aprons ... from £5 5s.

Perambulator Apron or Foot

Muffs ... from £1 2s. 6d.

Fur Motor Coats ... from £8 8s.

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have taken over the business, with the staff of expert cutters, fitters, and workpeople, formerly known as

NICHOLAY'S,

founded in 1788, and as they deal in furs at wholesale as well as at retail, can always offer the finest skins at the lowest prices.



KING EDWARD VII.'S PARLIAMENTARY ROBE.

The precedents with regard to the Parliamentary Robe to be worn by the King at the Opening of Parliament have been carefully followed. It has been made by Messrs. Wilkinson and Son, the Robe-Makers to the Crown, in conjunction with Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, the Royal Furriers. The outside of the Robe is of rich crimson velvet emblazoned with heavy gold lace, specially designed, with a train of great length, and is lined throughout with Royal ermine. Many hundreds of skins were necessary for this lining, and none but the choicest specimens have been used. In order to give the cloak the combination known in heraldry as Minever, the ermine has been symmetrically spotted with upwards of ten thousand small pieces of black fur.

Extract from "THE TIMES," Feb. 14, 1901.

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY,
THE ROYAL FURRIERS. WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

clubs are not doing very well. "There is talk of disaster in Clubland," he says; "some clubs have closed their doors, and it is said that others are in financial difficulties." He attributes this partly to the fact that a man can now get a better lunch at many of the restaurants that cover London than at most clubs. That statement interests me, as it is one that is emphatically true of women's clubs, and I prefer to know that a bad, mean table is a fault shared with clubs for the stronger sex, and thus not a sign of the foolishness of women, who cannot effectively combine for any object, and certainly fail to get themselves tolerably served with dinners in their clubs. Then "The Mere Man" goes on to his second reason, which is distinctly flattering to us. It is that "the modern man likes the society of women more than the older generation did, who were only too glad to know that the portals of their club could never be passed by a woman. Here we have the real reason for the waning of club life. Woman is everywhere, and pervades life as she never did before. For years she looked on the club as her greatest enemy; but she, unconsciously perhaps, set to work to prove to man that club life was dull, and the moan over bad times in Clubland shows how well she has succeeded." This is a strong confirmation of the theory that I have continuously upheld for many a day—that the best happiness of society lies in more constant and complete fellowship between men and women; and that to permit us a certain width of horizon and education would prove actually more pleasant to men themselves than the old theory which the German Emperor is said to have expressed in the dictum that woman's thoughts were properly concerned with nothing beyond "Church, Children, and Kitchen."

As frequently happens, the winter's millinery is settling down into prettier designs than the models led one to expect. The exaggeration that often prevails in the early models is caused by an effort put forth to produce something quite novel. But the designers' flights of fancy are modified by the choice of the customers, who prefer the least *outré* of the models. The hats composed of feathers in iridescent tints, or dyed in shades of brown, or even in the brightest of pinks, blues, and purples, are not much adopted, although some women find them very smart. These feather shapes have one advantage in being exceptionally light on the head. But in that respect the palm must be given to the chenille shapes which are in great favour, but which, I fear, will not prove very lasting when the winds of winter knock them about on the head. Fur toques have exactly the opposite quality; they are inevitably heavy, and



SABLE AND CLOTH COMBINED.

This smart visiting-gown in a dark cloth is relieved by a vest of white cloth, and trimmed with a line of sable, and with fancy braid arranged in rounds and curves.

women sensitive to weight and heat on the head cannot wear fur shapes, though a shape or even an admixture of this soft and lasting material in trimming is nearly always becoming. Shaded velvet composes many successful hats, and needs little decoration. A "bouquet" of the very large blossoms now in the milliner's favour suffices amply to trim a shaded velvet hat. The Tudor, or "Beefeater," toque is a popular success this season, and comes especially well in shaded velvet. In this shape, you remember, the full, low, soft crown overhangs widely a moderate brim. Sometimes the crown is of fur and the brim of pleated velvet. Chinchilla for the one and golden-brown velvet for the other is an excellent mixture; or sable on the crown and purple velvet below; and the trimming should be a few tips in the tint of the velvet, or merely a large tightly pleated rosette of ribbon and a wing. Fluffy beaver hats are very becoming, and in these the turned-down or mushroom shape is much patronised. These hats are usually trimmed with the stiff quillings of ribbon that are a novelty and feature in this year's fashions, set like a wreath all round the base of the crown; the colour will contrast with that of the shape—as a grey beaver and a shaded purple ribbon, or a brown shape with magenta ribbon.

Smart hats are of the wide-brimmed and much be-plumed "picture" variety, tipped to one side by a bandeau under the brim, or else they are flat-crowned, torpedo-shaped in outline, with close-sitting, wide, upright brims of rich fur, fine embroidery, or shaded or gauged velvet. There is quite a rage for the smartest of hats built in chiffon and fur combined. A torpedo shape was covered by fold upon fold of palest yellow chiffon with a brim of sable and a tangerine-yellow ostrich-feather set in at the left side so as to fall half on the brim and half on the crown, and to come down to the nape of the neck. A wide picture-hat, in which white glacé silk gauged over cords every three inches or so covered the brim, had the crown of folded white velvet with a line of chiffon between each crumple of the velvet; it was trimmed with several upstanding black ostrich-feathers, and had narrow black velvet strings. Another had a crown of white folded chiffon on which guipure lace was laid, a brim of shaded dahlia-coloured velvet, and a wreath of the same flower in many shades of purple and red set round the crown. A cream beaver in the mushroom shape deserves to be mentioned among these smart chapeaux, for it was trimmed with a wreath of shaded pink to purple plumes, all turning their fronds outwards, in a way that gave it much distinction. A fluffy white beaver with a wide brim trimmed underneath with gauged violet velvet, on which was laid a line of guipure lace, had the crown covered with white and brown and violet tips; a long and fine ostrich-feather shaded to the three colours, the deepest at top, passed round the side of the hat, falling over the hair behind. If we are not spending a great deal of money on dress at present, it is certainly not for lack of temptation. FILOMENA.



"The man who enjoys
life is the man who
sees it over the rim of
a Bovril cup."

IN DISTANT LANDS

REMARKABLE LETTERS

FROM LHASSA.

A letter written on the 6th August, 1904, by an Officer of General Macdonald's Tibet Mission Force then in Lhasa, and received by HUNTLEY & PALMERS, LTD., READING, says:—

"It may interest you to hear that your biscuits are on sale in this City. This morning in the market that has been established just outside the camp, I came across a small tin, and inside were your 'NICE' Biscuits."

Another British Officer, writing from Lhasa on the 14th August, very kindly sent HUNTLEY & PALMERS a tin of their biscuits which he had bought from a Tibetan woman, expressing his wonder at finding them there.

FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

Messrs Greenslade & Co., 7 Philpot Lane, London, wrote on the 22nd August as follows:—"You may be interested to hear that our Mr. F. J. Greenslade, who was a member of 'The Arderne Party' which recently visited Victoria Falls on the Zambesi by the first through train from Cape Town, writes:—

"As we were boating on the Zambesi, just above the Falls, one of our Boats took in a good deal of water; the native baled out the water with a 'Huntley & Palmers' Biscuit Tin. It was so unexpected to find such an emblem of civilization in this, the interior of Africa."

These letters show that Huntley & Palmers Biscuits have preceded the British Flag into the most inaccessible and exclusive regions of the world, affording some answer to those who lament the supposed decline of British commercial enterprise. The Secret of

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Unrivalled Reputation

even in these distant lands can be traced to the admirable keeping quality of their biscuits, and this in its turn is due to the

PURITY AND EXCELLENCE
of the materials they employ.

Insist on Being Supplied With

Huntley & Palmers Biscuits and Cakes

Refuse to be put off with inferior productions.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS, LIMITED.

READING AND LONDON.



DALAI LAMA'S PALACE,
LHASA.



VICTORIA FALLS,
ZAMBESI RIVER.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Laurence Binyon, in his preface to the catalogue of the first exhibition of the Society of Twelve, explains its mission. "The essential life of an art," he says, "is best seen and best nourished in its drawings." To produce and display drawings and those next-of-kin to drawings—lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts—is the appointed work of the Twelve. "The Twelve Conspirators" they have been already named by those who look with suspicion on all that seems to break away from the Royal Academical in art. Nor have suspicions been allayed by the fact that the Fifth of November was the initial day of the exhibition at Messrs. Obach's in Bond Street! Let us hasten, then, to name the society's members, for their names will most restore the reader's confidence and indicate the character of the exhibition. They are: George Clausen, A.R.A.; Gordon Craig, William Nicholson, William Strang, Sturge Moore, Will Rothenstein, Charles Ricketts, D. Y. Cameron, C. H. Shannon, A. E. John, Charles Conder, and Muirhead Bone.

Of Mr. Conder's work we have written so fully and lately that we will not now pause long over it. Enough to say that in his lithographs there is the expected technical beauty, the cunning of line that gives exquisite silky quality in the appropriate place; here a cheek or an arm is luminous, here is Herrick's verse irresistibly recalled—

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

But the more serious beauty of which Mr. Conder is capable we find only in one drawing, named

"Bacchanalian Scene." This is noble in arrangement; it has that serious quiet which is often the result of happy composition. That gorgeous bird, the peacock, once more fulfils its decorative purpose, and is the culminating point of richness in a luxuriant scheme. Mr. Strang, whose exhibition at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Gallery has been treated here, suggests no new commentary. It is rather in the drawings

The opportunity of examining many of Mr. Charles Ricketts's drawings and woodcuts has not been recently given us; therefore we may call this draughtsman's contributions the feature of this exhibition. The series of woodcuts illustrating the Parables do not fail to impress by the sincerity that is in them. This sincerity has found apt expression in the severe medium that has been used; and the Gothic angularity of the figures completes the artist's intention of austerity. Drama of action and a richness of arrangement are qualities that it is something of a triumph to have attained within the small scope and restricted convention here adopted. Thoughtfulness characterises, no less than these prints, the drawings from the same hand: to express research in simple terms is chief among a draughtsman's ambitions, and Mr. Ricketts has schooled himself thoroughly in this endeavour. Mr. C. H. Shannon shows some recent lithographs. They strike us as being more involved and heavy in execution than is quite consonant with success; but we recall with pleasure that named "The Bathers," which has that pleasing frame-like grouping of the figures that is of Mr. Shannon's own inventing. Mr. Max Beerbohm is the elegant and elongated subject of another of this lithographer's prints.

We do not greatly admire the etched work exhibited by Mr. A. E.

John, who has on these walls the drawing that must be acclaimed the most virile and expressive of all the hundred drawings that are shown. This is No. 32, "A Girl's Head," drawn with the apt touch that completely expresses the curve of cheek, the bone that here is amply clothed with flesh and there again is but thinly veiled, the muscle and the mere fullness



A SILVER TABLE.



A SILVER CHAIR.

A SUITE OF FURNITURE IN STERLING SILVER FOR AN EASTERN PALACE.

In this remarkable suite are twelve ordinary and easy chairs, two couches, four tables, one large cabinet, and one dressing-table, all modelled and chased after the "Louis" period, the whole temporarily upholstered in dark-blue plush, which will finally give place to a costly silk brocade. In every detail the bedstead design suggests "slumber," and embodies allegorical panels after pictures by Albert Moore, R.A. The whole of the furniture has been designed, modelled, and chased at Mappin and Webb's factory, the Royal Works, Sheffield, and portions of the suite were recently on view at their London show-rooms, at Oxford Street, W., Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Regent Street, W.

than in the etchings, which in our opinion are overlaid with tone effects, that we find this artist most interesting; and of the drawings, the "Study for Picture of Hagar" is most expressive. The fine modelling of this woman in a dramatic attitude of grief is excellently executed. Possibly the pose has been suggested to Mr. Strang by Rodin's "Danaïde."

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PLASMON COCOA
BUILDS
BODY, BRAIN,
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One cup contains more
nourishment than
10 cups of any other Cocoa.
In Tins, 9d., 1/4, 2/6

PLASMON OATS
DAINTY,
DELICIOUS,
NOURISHING.
Cooked in 4 minutes
in an ordinary saucepan.
No special pan required.
In Packets, 6d.

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A HIGHLY
STRENGTHENING FOOD.

PLASMON

is the whole nourishing part of FRESH MILK in an enduring, soluble powder, and being odourless and tasteless, can be added to any kind of food, adding enormously to the nutritive value of such food.

The LANCET says:
"The addition of PLASMON to ordinary food raises the nutritive value to a high and trustworthy degree."

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in packets,
9d. 1/4 2/6

PLASMON TEA.
DIGESTIBLE,
NOURISHING.

PLASMON CHOCOLATE
Satisfying and Nourishing.
Invaluable to Travellers,
Cyclists, Athletes, etc.
In Tablets, Croquettes
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PLASMON BISCUITS.
Made in several varieties.
Plain, Sweet, Wholemeal, &c.
Plasmon Diabetic Biscuits a
Speciality.
Entirely free from Starch
and Sugar.

Your attention is called to the

LIQUEUR
GREEN. YELLOW.

now made in Spain by the

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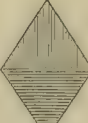
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It is sold under the following label and footnote:—

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FABRIQUÉE



ATARRAGONE

PAR LES

Pères Chartreux

"This Liqueur is the only one identically the same as that made at the Monastery of the Grande-Chartreuse in France, previous to the expulsion of the Monks, who have kept intact the secret of its manufacture. It is now made by the same Monks in Spain, whence it is shipped direct to the United Kingdom through Messrs. H. RIVIÈRE & CO., London, Sole Agents for the sale of the products of the Pères Chartreux in Great Britain, Ireland, and South Africa.

"CAUTION.—None is guaranteed genuine in the United Kingdom or in South Africa, unless bearing the above label of which this notice forms part."

To be obtained from all Dealers in Wines and Spirits throughout the U.K.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S.

A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.
So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

**"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED."**



of form; in fact, all the subtleties that make the human face, and make it live. And yet no part of this drawing exists but as a part of the whole simple rendering of a single fact. We wish that Mr. John would show more of this standard. The best of Mr. Rothenstein's work may be found in the portrait-lithographs that he has contributed as his twelfth share of the society's exhibition. The portraits of Rodin, of George Gissing, and of G. B. Shaw are full of those intimacies of observation that form the essential points in the making of a good likeness.—W. M.

Mr. Barclay F. Buxton, writing to inform us that *The Illustrated London News* and other English illustrated papers are much appreciated by the wounded soldiers in the hospitals in Japan, asks all who can spare their old numbers to send them to Mr. Paget Wilkes, 83, Hinode-cho, Yokohama; to Mr. F. Parrott, 39, Kitano-cho, Nichome, Kobe; or to Miss Bosanquet, Hiroshima. The last-named has most need, as there is hospital accommodation for 10,000 there, and she is a great deal among the wounded and sick men. The postage for one number is about 2½d. or 3d.—½d. for every two ounces.

A remarkable departure in colour-printing has been made by Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl, who is publishing a magnificent portfolio of reproductions of Sir Joshua



A LIVERPOOL MUNICIPAL CASKET.

The caskets containing the addresses presented by Liverpool to the Earl of Derby and Mr. R. D. Holt are identical in design, which is Pompeian. The top group is emblematic of the City of Liverpool. The whole work was carried out, in oxydised silver by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, 156, New Bond Street.

Reynolds's work. The series is entitled "Sir Joshua Reynolds at Althorp House," and the process, which aims at the highest artistic perfection, preserves the texture of the canvas and the original brushwork in a very remarkable manner. Each picture was photographed in the open air after the glass and frame had been removed. Copies in oils were made of every subject, and after that the eleven photogravure plates were prepared. The complete portfolio may be seen at the Hanfstaengl Gallery, 16, Pall Mall; and the results justify the skill alike of the artist and the craftsman, who have both given of their best to the work. The price of the portfolio is forty guineas.

Messrs. Doulton and Co., Limited, of Lambeth and Burslem, have been awarded two Grands Prix for their exhibits of art pottery and stoneware chemical apparatus in the St. Louis Exposition. And in addition, as individual awards to their artists, one Grand Prix, four gold medals, and twenty-three bronze medals.

The Old Bushmills Distillery Company, Limited, of Belfast and 20, Mark Lane, E.C., have been awarded the Grand Prix at the St. Louis Exhibition for the excellence of their celebrated Irish whiskey.

Mr. Arthur C. Banfield has been awarded a gold medal at the St. Louis Exhibition for his remarkable series of photographs, "The Life History of a Splash," published some time ago in this journal.

For the Convenience of Customers **J.W. Benson Ltd** (25, Old Bond St., London.)
Have adopted **"The Times"** 20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS System.
(AVAILABLE also for INDIA and the COLONIES.)



Pearls and Diamonds, £30.



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Customers desiring to use this system for Xmas Presents will oblige by making their selections early, owing to the routine necessary.



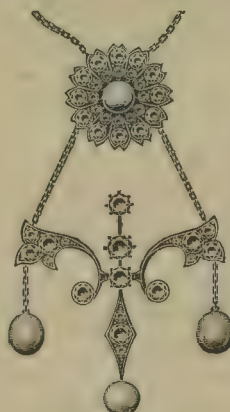
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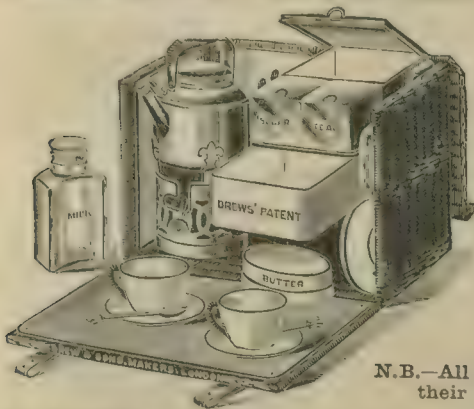


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A CUP OF TEA IN A FEW MINUTES.

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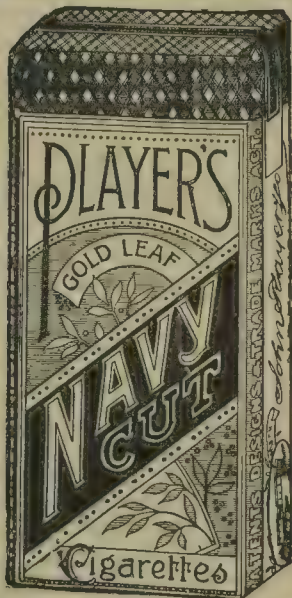
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"Paisley Flour"

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It makes delicious, crisp, light pastry, easily and successfully. Many eat "Paisley Flour" pastry now who could never eat pastry before.

"As the dairymaid teaches you, cleanliness is essential. Her churn in its metal fittings GLEAMS LIKE THE SUN, and the secret lies in the BUTTERCUP METAL POLISH which is used."
—DAILY TELEGRAPH, Oct. 5, 1904.

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No other Metal Polish gives such RICH AND RADIANT SPLENDOR—OR IS SO EASY TO USE. Unequalled for all metals.

It is BRITISH and EMPLOYS BRITISH LABOUR.
Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores.

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The Boot Polish which is not only the most BRILLIANT—and which IMPROVES and PRESERVES all kinds of boots—but the Boot Polish which is EASIEST TO USE—CHEAPEST TO BUY. No damp feet now—it is WATERPROOF. Tins, 2d., 4d., 6d. OUTFIT, 1s. Grocers, Bootmakers, Oilmen, and Stores.

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(With or without Spats—Spats made detachable if required.)

Shaped to Wind on Spirally from Ankle to Knee without any Turns or Twists.

Supplied in Various Qualities and Colours (including Military Shades). Shade Cards and Quality Patterns on application.

The "REGULATION" quality is the same as now supplied to His Majesty's Government.

Will Fit any Leg.

Made of all Wool.

Great Support to the Leg.

Can be worn under Trousers to keep the Leg Dry and Warm.

Can be used with Stockings or Socks.

For LADIES
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Light Weight.

With Spats, 7s. 6d.

Detachable 1s. extra.

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Send size of Boot.

FOR MEN.

With Spats, from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 0d.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 30, 1900), with two codicils (of July 29, 1903, and July 5, 1904), of MR. JAMES ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, of 29, Queen's Gate Gardens, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Oct. 31 by Francis Marshall and Charles Edward Marshall, the sons, Kenneth McLean Marshall, the nephew, and John William Dickson, the value of the estate being £315,376. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to his children James, Archibald, and Mrs. Lucy Margaret Dickson; £2000, his house and furniture, and the income from £75,000 to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Anne Marshall; £4000 to his sister Anna Carstairs; £1000 to his sister Mrs. Helen von Gersdorff; £1000 each to his brothers Percy and Charles; £500 each to his executors; £500 to his sister-in-law Miss Henrietta Cundall; and £500 each to his godchildren Henrietta Mary Lever Simpson, Frederick McLean Marshall, and Josephine Cundall. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, they bringing into hotchpot £55,000 already given to them.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1900) of MR. JOHN HENRY JAMES, of Kingswood, Watford, and late of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Nov. 1 by his sons Henry Ashworth James, Archibald Herbert James, and Charles Ashworth James, the value of the real and personal property being £117,385. The testator

gives the furniture, live and dead stock, the use of Kingswood, and such a sum as with the income from her marriage settlement will make up £1400 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Jane Ramsden James; and £50 each to his children Henry Ashworth and Mrs. Eva Margaret Ashton, and he made no farther provision for them, they being provided for independently of their father. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons, except his son Henry.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1893), with two codicils (of July 3, 1894, and Nov. 20, 1899), of MR. JOHN ROWLAND, of Thorncliffe, Thornham, Lancashire, and late of Gresham Mill, Oldham, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Oct. 28 by Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Rowland, the widow, and Harry Rowland and Arthur Hall Rowland, the sons, the value of the estate being £93,732. The testator gives £500 and, while she remains his widow, the use of his residence and furniture and an annuity of £900, to his wife; and £10,000, in trust, for each of his three daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons, they paying six ninths of his wife's annuity and his daughters three ninths.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1898), with a codicil (of July 1, 1900), of MR. ALEXANDER JOHN ROBERT STEWART, D.L., J.P., of Ards House, Donegal, and 22, St. Aubyns, Hove, who died on July 30, was proved on Oct. 21 by Lady Isabella Rebecca Stewart, the

widow, the sole executrix, and she has sworn the value of the estate to be £81,764. Under the provisions of various settlements he appoints £2500 to his son Cecil George Graham, £20,700 between his sons, George Lawrence, Henry Moore, and Cecil George Graham; and £14,300 to his daughters Beatrice Charlotte Elizabeth and Ida Isabella Augusta, his other daughter, Mrs. Penton, having been provided for on her marriage. He gives to his wife £2000, the furniture, etc., in England, and the income during widowhood of his residuary estate. Subject thereto, the ultimate residue is to go to his children, except his eldest son, who succeeds to the family estate, in such shares and on such conditions as Lady Stewart, being his widow, shall appoint.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1903) of MR. GEORGE HEATON, of Church Hill, Handsworth, Staffordshire, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Oct. 29 by George Heaton and Arthur Woodall Heaton, the sons, and James Power Heaton, the nephew, the value of the property being £64,524. The testator gives the income from £4000 and the use of his furniture and presentation plate to his wife, Mrs. Rosa Heaton; and £52 10s. to James Power Heaton. All other his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated May 3, 1897), with a codicil (of July 18, 1902), of DAME LUCY ELLEN DAVIS, of Holly-wood Tower, near Bristol, who died on Sept. 14, was

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Angelus

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Preserves, Beautifies, Restores, Nourishes It.

GOLDEN COLOUR for fair hair. Sizes—3/6, 7/6, 10/6.

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Whitens, Preserves, Beautifies them. No acids; no grit. 2/9, of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Mouth wash
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A delicious and refreshing teeth-beautifier and mouth-sweetener.

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The most highly concentrated, and consequently the most economical of all preparations for the teeth and mouth. Five drops are ample for all ordinary purposes, and each bottle at 2/9 contains about 2000 drops, or sufficient for 400 times.

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being fitted with an improved Focal Plane Shutter, and the celebrated

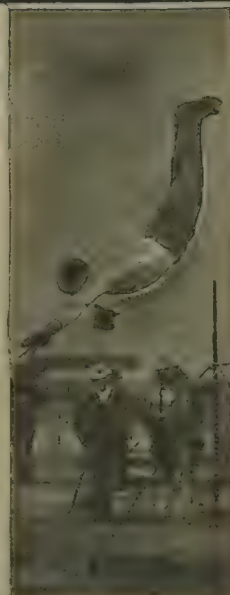
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WINES OF FRANCE.

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*Absolutely unique
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The Cigarette of Perfection.

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"CHEF" SAUCE

is a rich fruity Sauce of recent
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Cutlets, Curries, &c.



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has for more than 100 YEARS
been considered the finest & most delicate
Sauce for all kinds of Fish, Game, Steak, &c.

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E. Lazenby & Son, Ltd.
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proved on Oct. 29 by General James Harwood Roche, C.B., the Rev. Thomas Hill Lowe, and Captain Thomas Arthur Hill Lowe, the value of the estate being £47,817. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her nephew and niece, Ludlow Frederick and Evelyn Agnes Rich; £4500, in trust, to pay £135 per annum to her daughter-in-law Dame Ella Davis for life, and then for her said nephew and niece; £300 each to Emily, Eva, and Minna, daughters of Colonel Roche; £400, in trust, for the poor of Compton Greenfield at Christmas-time; £250 each to her executors; £500 each to her butler, George Stephens, and her maid, Elizabeth Stephens; £250 to her gardener, Robert Lyddon; £150 to her coachman, George Wyllie; and legacies to her other servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister, Anna Louisa Octavia Roche, for life, and then to her said nephew and niece.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1900), with a codicil (of Sept. 15, 1903), of DR. ISAAC ROBERTS, F.R.S., of Starfield, Crowborough, who died on July 17, was proved on Oct. 21 by David Pearson, Miss Deborah Phoebe Owen, the niece, and James Willcox Alsop, the value of the estate being £43,953. The testator gives £500, an

annuity of £450, and part of his books and instruments to his wife; £200 and an annuity of £300 to his niece Deborah Phoebe Owen; an annuity of £300 to his niece Ada Jane Owen; an annuity of £200 to his sister Phoebe Owen; £100 per annum to his sister Sephorah Hughes; £50 per annum to his niece Mary Owen; £500 to his assistant, William Sadler Franks; £1000 to the children of his sister Jane Hughes; £1000 to his brother William; £200 to David Pearson; and £100 each to James Pearson, William Pearson, Charles Pearson, Mary Alice Garnett, James Bindlass Garnett, and James Willcox Alsop. The residue of his property he leaves to the Universities of Liverpool, of North Wales, and South Wales, in trust, to found at each of them two scholarships of £50 each for the study of some branch of science, and to apply the remainder of such bequest for their general purposes.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1902), with a codicil (of Oct. 13, 1903), of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HON. JOHN JOCELYN BOURKE, C.B., D.L., of 21, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Oct. 25 by Major the Hon. Edward Roden Bourke, the brother, the Hon. Gerald Henry Brabazon Ponsonby,

and Robert Charles Ponsonby, the value of the estate being sworn at £42,538. The testator gives £5000, in trust, for his brother Edward for life, and then for his children; £5000, in trust, for his sister-in-law Mary Henrietta Bourke, and then in further trust for her son, Walter Longley Bourke; £2000 to his niece Lady Florence B. M. Bourke; £1000 to his niece Geraldine, Countess of Mayo; £500 to his niece Lady Eva Constance Wyndham Quin; his shares in the Army and Navy Stores; and his wardrobe, and the income from £2000 to his housemaid, Annie Squires; and £100 to Robert Charles Ponsonby. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Edward.

Messrs. Neave, of Neave's Food, have been granted a Royal Warrant in connection with the supply of their food to the Russian imperial nursery.

A correspondent in Dresden writes to inform us that the portrait published on Oct. 22 as that of Prince Friedrich August of Saxony, now King of Saxony, was in reality that of Prince Johann Georg, the late King's second son.

20,000 PAIRS HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES.

Strong, Healthy, Fresh-caught Birds.



Carriage paid to each station. Packing free. Arrival alive guaranteed. Payment after receipt. Best English references. **JULIUS MOHR, Jr., Ulm a.D., Germany.** Largest Importer of Hungarian Game in Germany.

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WITH BEVELLED EDGES FOR ROUND CURLS.

THE NEW CURLER THE SAFEST & BEST.

12 CURLERS IN BOX PRICE 6^d

EXTRA LARGE FOR WAVING (8 IN A BOX) SAME PRICE.

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IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Fine Quality Long Clav., w. 3 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per doz. (to measure, 2/- extra). N.B.—All Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 2/- the 1 doz.

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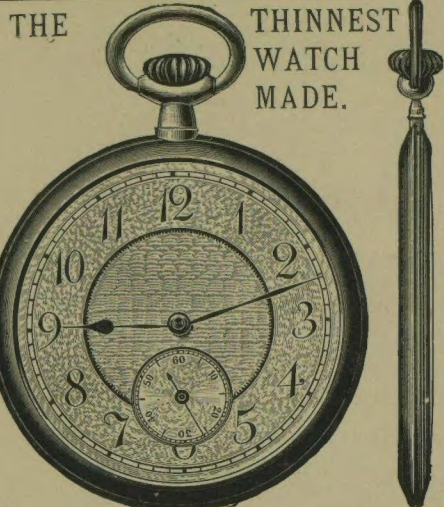
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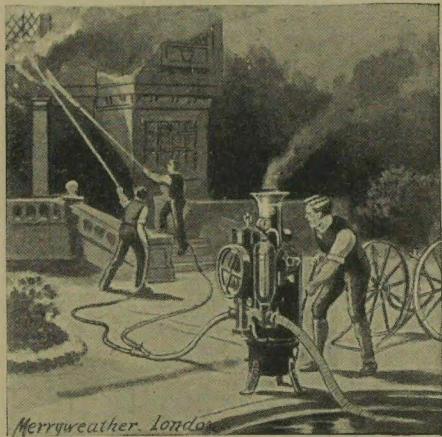
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For COUNTRY HOUSE
FIRE PROTECTION.



AS SUPPLIED TO—
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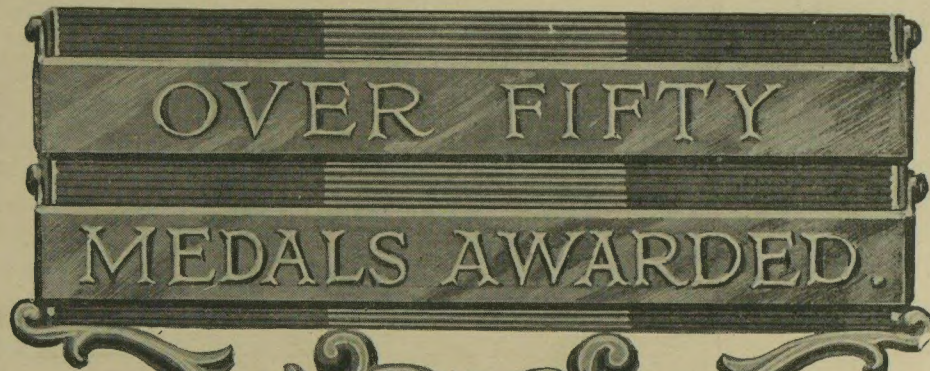
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Cycles from 10 guineas, or a guinea per month.
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Circumstances alter cases.
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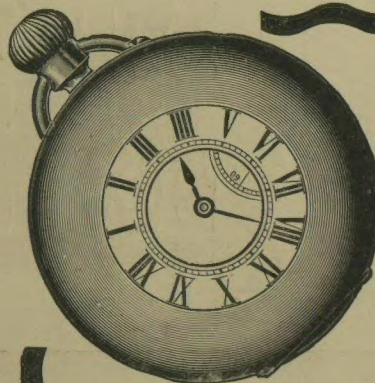
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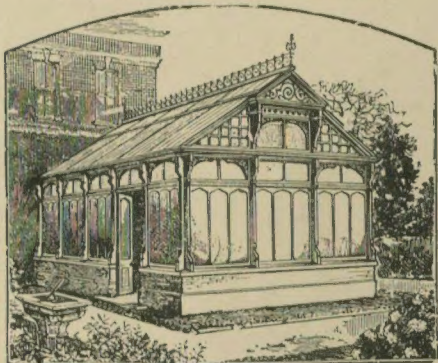
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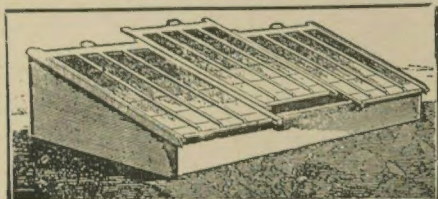
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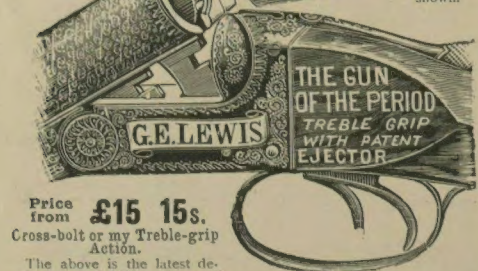
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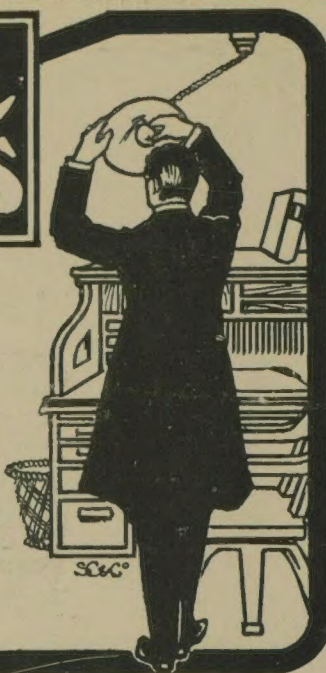
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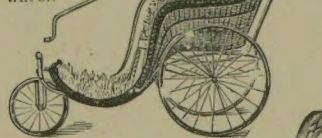
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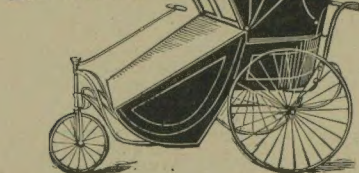
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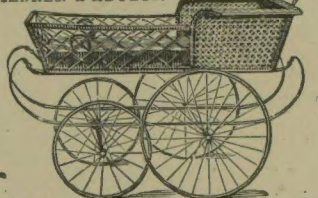
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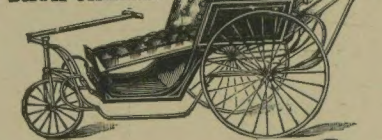
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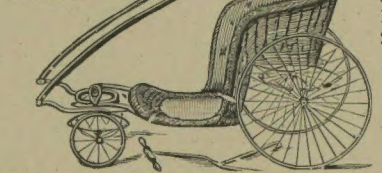
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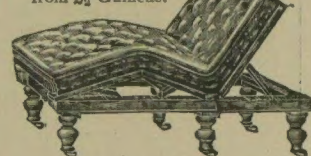
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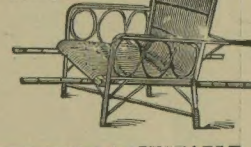
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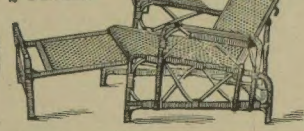
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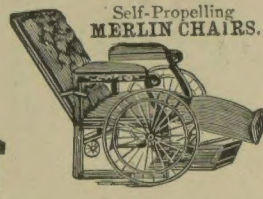
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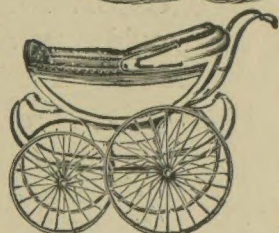
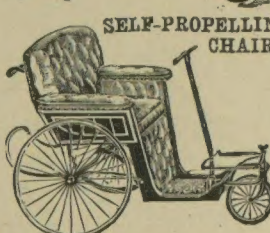
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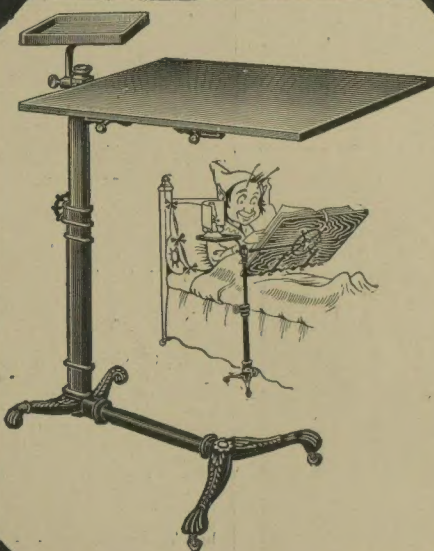
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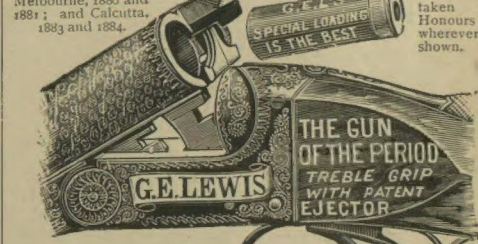
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Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

IS NOW BEING DEMANDED IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

BRONCHITIS and PLEURISY.

A Severe Case Cured by Two Bottles of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After Other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong.

Dear Sir,—Some months ago in Sydney I suffered from a severe attack of Influenza, and was confined to my room for about a week, at the end of which time, feeling somewhat better, I got up and tried to transact my business as usual. But I got up too soon, for the very next day I had a relapse, and suffered tortures from what the doctor told me was Pleurisy and Bronchitis. The pain from the former in my chest and shoulders was frightful, and for four long weeks I was confined to my bed under the care of a well-known Sydney doctor, and all the time his medicine gave me but temporary relief. The landlady of the hotel (the Cleveland) where I resided told me of a medicine—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure—from Victoria, which had cured her of a bad attack of bronchitis and pains in the chest, and begged of me to try it. I did so, and, in thanks and gratitude to you, tell you that after the second bottle my cough had ceased; but, what is more astonishing, the pains from Pleurisy entirely left me, and in about a week I was able to attend to my duties as usual.—Yours faithfully,

J. BRAHAM,
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BRONCHITIS.

Child's Life Saved by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After the case had been "given up."

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—We have to thank your Bronchitis Cure that we have one little boy spared to us, as we nearly lost him. After doctors had given him up, we saw the advertisement for your Bronchitis Cure, and gave it a trial, with the result above mentioned.—Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) E. GRANT,
care of Mr. Harvey, Baker,
Chiltern, Victoria.

Queensland Testimony.

From Brisbane Wholesale Chemists.

We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured in three doses.—We are, faithfully yours,

THOMASON, CHATER, and Co.,
69, Queen Street, Brisbane.

ASTHMA.

Two Obstinate Cases Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

After other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—It is with much thankfulness I write to let you know that I have taken three bottles of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I had previously suffered terribly from Asthma for about three years, and had tried everything, and had advice, but without avail. I had been for a fortnight at a time without moving day or night out of my chair. If I went to bed I was not able to lie down. We came to New Zealand about three years ago from Tasmania. One of my uncles there suffered with Asthma for a number of years till he took your cure about five years ago, and has never had the Asthma since. I knew this, but it had passed out of my mind until reading your advertisement in some Tasmanian papers brought it to my memory. I told my husband, and he got your cure for me, which I have taken with completely satisfactory result.—Yours respectfully,

W. MCCOMBE,
Mosgiel, New Zealand.

A Lady in London—A Martyr to Colds and Bronchial Asthma.

Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

The Doctor so interested that he carried off the empty Bottle.

Orange, N.S.W.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I enclose for your own private perusal a portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. —, of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect Godsend to a martyr to Colds and Bronchial Asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me.

I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was.—Yours faithfully,

Extract from letter alluded to above:—

"You will be interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I immediately flew to it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr. — is very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a chemist who is in a large way here."

The names are withheld from publication, but will be supplied privately when desired.

ASTHMA.

A Sufferer 73 Years of Age Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist. Sir,—I am thankful to say that the medicine you sent for Asthma has had a wonderful effect. I have not taken all the Bronchitis Cure, as I did not need it; therefore I send you my hearty good wishes for your future success. I myself will, for the benefit of others, make it known to all I know. I am 73 years of age.—Yours truly,

JOHN BRAY,
Alliance Street, Clunes, Victoria.

BRONCHO-PNEUMONIA.

Two Severe Cases Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Kindly forward without delay another small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure. The bottle I had from you has cured two of my children, but I do not feel safe without it in the house. I have also recommended it to my friends. I lost a fine little girl, three years of age, from Influenza and Broncho-Pneumonia. I really believe if I had had your medicine my child would not have died, for the other two—a boy five years old, and a baby eight months old—were suffering exactly in the same way, and it acted like magic on them; in fact, a small bottleful cured both of them; so trusting you will forward it without delay, I am, yours most gratefully,

(Mrs.) E. D. WARD,
Cassilis, via Swift's Creek, Gippsland, Victoria.

HAY ASTHMA.

A Severe Attack Relieved in Ten Minutes by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

The Effect was Wonderful.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—About three weeks ago, while in the vicinity of musty chaff, I gradually felt a difficulty to breathe. My nose began to run, and to all appearances I was developing a severe attack of Bronchitis or Asthma. At last I could stand it no longer. I then tried your Bronchitis Cure, and its effect was wonderful. In less than ten minutes I was all right again. Such a result, and so quick, astounded me. This is no exaggeration, I am pleased to say.—Yours truly,

S. H. MAYO,
Meredith, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA.

A Twelve Years' Case with Distressing Cough.

Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send by post to Copmanhurst a complete course of your valuable medicine for obstinate Asthma. The last medicine you sent to me cured one man that had a distressing cough for twelve years. Please find Post Office Order enclosed for payment.—Yours thankfully,

WILLIAM CANHAM,
Upper Copmanhurst, via Grafton, N.S.W.

BRONCHITIS.

A Sydney Stock and Share Broker expresses Gratitude and Appreciation of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

It proved a most Effective Remedy for a Severe Attack of Bronchitis.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I lately had a severe attack of Bronchitis, and, acting on the advice of a friend, obtained a supply of your Bronchitis Cure. I am pleased to inform you it has proved a most effective remedy, causing me to feel grateful to you for furnishing such a valuable medicine to the public. May you meet with the success you so well deserve. I place this communication at your service, and remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY FRENCH,
Stock and Share Broker, 93, Pitt Street, Sydney.

ASTHMA.

A Five Years' Case.

At Times Very Bad Indeed.

Quickly and Completely Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—For five or six years I was troubled with Asthma, at times very bad indeed. I was very ill just after Christmas, so sent to the local chemist for a bottle of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I took the first dose on going to bed, and was not troubled that night. I finished the medicine, and have not had a touch of the Asthma since. I tell everyone about it. M. MURRAY,
Postmistress, Pampoolah, Manning River, N.S.W.

BRONCHITIS.

A Camberwell Resident Expresses Gratitude.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Your Bronchitis Cure has relieved my wife of a Cough which followed on an attack of Influenza. While I acknowledge that all good comes from one only source, ordinary gratitude bids me to offer my earnest thanks to you, through whom this particular blessing has come.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

GEO. S. CALDWELL,
Camberwell, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA.

A Fifteen Years' Sufferer.

At Times Almost Impossible to Get His Breath.

When He Coughed, Blood Came Up.

Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Asthma and Chronic Bronchitis for over fifteen years. Last Saturday I was suffering from a very severe attack of it. The cough was terribly severe, and when I coughed blood came up. I found it almost impossible to get my breath. Every breath seemed as if it would be the last. My wife went to the chemist, and got a bottle of your Bronchitis Cure. I took a dose of the medicine, and in a few minutes got great relief. I rapidly improved, and in a few days was out of bed and walking about. I believe your Bronchitis Cure is worth its weight in gold to anyone who suffers from Asthma and Bronchitis.—I remain, yours respectfully,

JOHN BLAIR,
Grafton Road, Warrnambool, Victoria.

Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Australia, and 43, Victoria Street, Liverpool.

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